The RING

SENATOR JAMES J. WALKER

HAILED BY SPORTSMEN AS NEXT N.Y. MAYOR

EXECUTIVE OFFICES:
91 Seventh Ave.
New York City, N. Y.
Telephone Watkins 6382

NOVEMBER, 1925

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Vol. 4 No. 10

World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Copyright, 1925

NOVEMBER, 1925

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

Published Monthly
Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382
NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor
A. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary and Treasurer
For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

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Associate Editors: Francis Albertanti, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, and "DANIEL"
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana PR

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Colored pugilistic celebrities in training at Professor Jimmy Kelly's "camp" situated at New Dorp, Staten Island, a favorite rendezvous for the fistic talent in the old days. Those in the above photograph are: Top row—Professor Jimmy Kelly, Al Herford and Harry Lyons, with hands on chest. The other two are trainers. Bottom row—Joe Gans, Joe Walcott and George Dixon.

Jim Corbett Discusses Slattery, Shade, Leonard, Walker and Other Ring Luminaries in a Pleasant Chat

THE subjoined interview with James J. Corbett, onetime heavyweight champion, is the second of a series of three talks given to Daniel for The RING. The third and last will appear in the next issue. Watch for it. It will deal with Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills—with the problems which confront the title holder as he faces a demand that he meet the negro challenger. Corbett will tell what he thinks of Dempsey's ability. He will discuss Stribling, Jimmy Maloney and Gene Tunney. Don't miss the next issue of The RING.

By DANIEL

"WHAT do you think of Jimmy Slattery now that Dave Shade and Paul Berlenbach both have knocked him out?" we asked Jim Corbett the other day. It was our second talk with the former heavyweight champion for this series in The Ring. The first interview had brought a lot of favorable comment and Jim was eager to give his views on other topics connected with the ring of the current day.

"I want to confess that Slattery has not impressed me very much," Corbett replied. "I had read a lot about the second Jim Corbett and the cleverness of the comer from Buffalo, and I had hoped that it all would be true. You know, my father came from Ireland and I have a soft spot in my heart for the Irish. It was too good to be true, this development of an Irish boy into a contender.

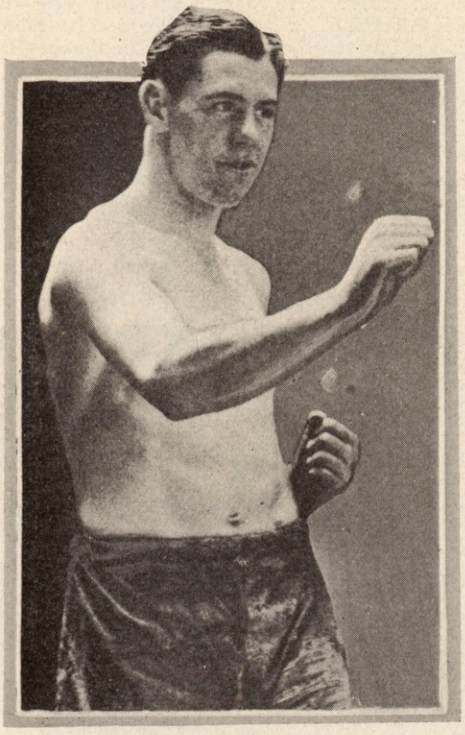
"So I went to the Polo Grounds in New York to see Slatterey fight Shade, and what I saw made me realize that a lot of pure hokum had been written about Jimmy. You never can tell about a young fellow. He may benefit by the beatings he got from Shade and Berlenbach and develop as he gains weight. But at this time I am almost sure that he will not do. For one thing, I think his build is against him—too long in the back, too narrow at the shoulders.

Slattery Proved Green

"FOR another thing,—Slattery showed himself to be a novice, and this statement is directed more at those who handled Jimmy than at Slattery himself. I don't know who was in his corner that night. Frankly, I don't even know who is his manager. But his handler allowed him to make a fool of himself.

"How ridiculous it was for Slattery to try to straighten up Shade when the smaller boxer went into that crouch of his!" went on Corbett. "We had a lot of those crazy crouchers in my day and what did we do? We made no effort to straighten them into an erect stance. All we did was to walk away from them and laugh at them,—and put it right up to the crouchers.

"When you walk away from one of those pretzel fighters you put the onus on them. You ridicule them and soon you have the onlookers shouting,



Jimmy Slattery

'Stand up and fight!' That always straightens them up.

Easy Mark for Uppercut

"WHAT a sucker any boxer is to try to unbend a rival who is crouching as Shade was against Slattery! Jimmy left himself an easy and open mark for an uppercut from the floor and that's just what he got. He needs a lot of schooling in spite of the appearance of cleverness. In the fight with Berlenbach he showed further evidences of greenness. And he learned that six round bouts are poor preparation for a long fight."

"How about Harry Greb? Does he rank with the good ones of other days?" we asked.

"Greb certainly is a wonder, everything considered,"—and Jim chuckled. "I understand he has a peculiar system of training, yet he is fit in every fight. He has wonderful natural ability. And yet he is not a clever boxer. That sledge hammer blow of his looks like a lot, but it isn't, and it costs much more than it is worth, unless it really impresses our present day judges and referees.

"In making that blow Greb is forced to jump up and reach up. You keep doing that for a spell and you will find that it is very tiring. It is too bad that when Greb got started as a boxer he did not have a real teacher. He would have been a marvel,—and yet you might say that schooling would have destroyed his individuality. With all that, give me the old schooling every time,—give me cleverness and you can have all the eccentricities. Freakishness in itself never won any titles."

Praises Leonard and Walker

AFTER a series of interruptions,—it was at the Lambs in New York,—Corbett went on to discuss Benny Leonard and Mickey Walker. "Leonard was the one modern boxer who was of the old school," said Corbett. "He used his head all the time and he never stopped learning. He had the knack of learning a little from every man he faced,—learning directly from his opponent or learning through meeting certain situations. I know that's what I used to do in my day in the ring. I don't believe that it is done much in this era.

"Walker is a fine fighter,—a good

(*Continued on page* 28)

Supermen of the Ring

This Is the First of a New Series on Boxers Who Made Ring History

By VERNON VAN NESS

THERE is one division that has been more or less decadent in recent years, though in the past there have marched through it some of the greatest fighters of all time. We refer to the middleweight class and in making the statement that the class of men in this division has dropped below the old standard, the standard set by such men as Stanley Ketchel, Bob Fitzsimmons, Ryan and Jack O'Brien, not to mention many others. O'Brien laid claim to the middleweight title in 1907 when Ryan retired.

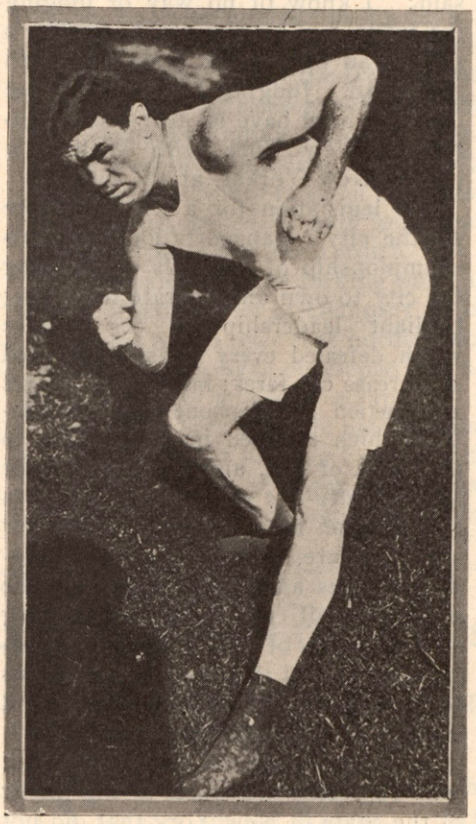
Philadelphia Jack was one of the most scientific men in ring history and made him one of the lightest hitters of the middleweight and heavyweight ranks. And it was because he lacked the punch, the ability to finish his man, that Jack never became the middleweight champion.

THE great Philadelphian is not an old man even today though he has been out of active ring service for several years. Jack was born in 1878. That leaves Jack at the forty-seventh milestone today. In his time he fought in three or four classes. Starting out as a lightweight, he later fought as welterweight, then as middleweight and finally was a light heavyweight who mingled with the heavyweights, Bob Fitzsimmons having been among O'Brien's other opponents. Philadelphia Jack was a wizard at boxing and by many is ranked with the most scientific ringmen of all time.

There are many high lights in O'Brien's career, many episodes during his years in the ring when he reached almost to the top, yet never quite could mount the summit. Probably one of his greatest fights came along towards the end of his career and took place in New York City. His opponent on that occasion was the lamented Stanley Ketchel, who has been dead these thirteen years and who must now turn in his grave when he hears present day middleweights rattle around in his shoes.

THAT bout between O'Brien and Ketchel furnished one of the most dramatic climaxes ever witnessed in fight annals in New York City. It went ten rounds, ten rounds of hectic combat during nine of which O'Brien's masterly skill fended off the terrific rushing of the great Ketchel. Ketchel was a murderous hitter. It is generally conceded that he and Bob Fitzsimmons were the greatest of all modern middleweights.

Yet during the first nine rounds of the O'Brien-Ketchel fight the Philadelphian led by a wide margin through his mastery of defense. Time after time the rushing Ketchel poured in his



Philadelphia Jack O'Brien

terrific body punches, worked his famous shift, and yet failed to score.

In desperation Ketchel came out for the tenth round determined to break down the defense of the wizard in front of him and in an amazing attack he wore the remarkable O'Brien down until the latter's great defense crumpled. But O'Brien saved himself at that. Ketchel finally landed a terrific blow to the stomach and followed it with his crushing right swing. Jack was knocked unconscious and was being counted out when the bell rang ending the battle. The bell had saved him!

O'BRIEN fought four years before he was defeated and this defeat was sustained at the hands of Young Peter Jackson. Twice after this the two fought and on both occasions O'Brien won. And they were hard fought battles, too, for they were grudge affairs. In the first of these return bouts Jackson was disqualified in three rounds for fouling. Later the pair met in Baltimore, Jackson's home. This was in April, 1905. O'Brien won the decision in ten rounds, having Jackson nearly out in the final session.

Jack knocked out Al Kaufman at a time when Al was being hailed as the coming heavyweight champion, Jim Jeffries having retired. O'Brien also aspired to be the heavyweight king. This bout was staged in San Francisco in the fall of 1905. The bout ended in the seventeenth round. Kaufman was knocked out, though he outweighed the Philadelphian and towered above him. His skill enabled O'Brien to cut Kaufman badly, almost blinding him and having him helpless finally put him away.

Hugo Kelly was one who defeated O'Brien as a middleweight. But among those who were whipped by O'Brien were Joe Choynski, Peter Maher and Marvin Hart, Bob Fitzsimmons and many others of the top rank of the big fellows.

FITZ was aging when Jack whipped the Cornishman. Jack knocked Fitz out and his desire for the heavyweight crown burned so deeply that he twice fought Tommy Burns, who then laid claim to the title. Their first meeting ended in a draw but the second time they fought Burns won the verdict. After that came the two fights with Ketchel, the ten round affair we have mentioned and the one following in which Ketchel knocked O'Brien out. Sam Langford also knocked O'Brien out.

Jack tried to beat Wall Street with the winnings he made in the ring and he was knocked out by Wall Street on several occasions. He made a fortune in the ring, but lost heavily.

Jack has been running high class gymnasiums for several years and has recouped much of his lost fortunes. See Jack today, at forty-seven, see him box and watch his still wonderful speed and you will realize what a splendid class of middleweights existed when O'Brien was in his prime.

Senator James J. Walker Champion of Sports

Legislator, Running for Mayor in City of New York, Backed by All Lovers of Boxing, Baseball, Billiards and Football—Lauded by Sportsmen

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

IF Patrick Henry, whose immortal words "give me liberty or give me death" will never die, were alive today he certainly would go on the stump for Senator James J. Walker, the next Mayor of Greater New York.

Patrick Henry believed in giving the American people what they wanted. So does "Jimmy" Walker.

The magnetic Walker gave liberty loving New Yorkers Sunday baseball, Sunday movies and legalized the red-blooded Anglo-Saxon sport of boxing.

Once again we call on the famous Virginian patriot and orator who once said: 'I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." Walker's past is an open book from which all may read. Judging by what he has done we need have no fear for the future of New York with Walker, a typical New Yorker, at the helm.

His legislation for a five cent fare on the city's transportation lines, his championship of the bills authorizing the city to own and operate bus lines; brilliant leadership in the Senate which defeated every measure designed to increase car fares; his fight to compel a reduction of telephone rates; legislation which resulted in a reduction in the price of gas, and successful fight for a twenty-five per cent reduction in the income tax; tireless battles for child welfare, widows' pensions, soldiers' bonus and many other humane measures—all of these outstanding achievements of his brilliant legislative career had their inspiration in his fellow feeling for the average man and woman of little old New York.

In addition, there was not a bill which affected the sports loving public of the State of New York that did not have Senator Walker as its champion. He fought against a Blue Law measure which would have closed billiard academies on Sunday, and most important, got recreation centers for the boys and girls of our crowded cities. His boxing law has been copied in twenty-nine states of the nation. Even foreign nations have patterned their boxing laws after that which the Senator sponsored.

THEREFORE, it is the duty of the citizenry of New York City to mark an "X" on the ballot under the star, emblematic of the Democratic Party, on Election Day.

Debonair Walker needs no introduction to the sports clans. They owe all they have to his vigorous efforts in fighting the Blue Law agitators. Which brings to mind an old, true saying: "One good turn deserves another."

Although "Jimmy"—we just can't get accustomed to calling him James J. with an honorable or two thrown in for good measure—would rebel if he knew we were going to pilfer Briggs' cartoon caption, "A Friend in Need Is a Good Friend Indeed," to emphasize the fact that now is the time for his benefactors to show that they are with him, The Ring makes a personal plea requesting all lovers of sports who are qualified to vote in New York City to work with all the zeal and enthusiasm at their command to elect their best friend to an office second only to the presidency of these United States.

(*Continued on page 7*)

Fans Indebted to Walker for Sunday Baseball and Movies

While the rich could spend their Sundays on the golf links or at their yacht clubs, Mr. Plain New Yorker didn't know what to do with himself on his day off. Now he can spend it in his favorite seat in the grandstand. In case of rain he can take the missus and kiddies to the movies.

It remained for Senator James J. Walker to have the bars removed from class legislation.

His winning fight for baseball on the Sabbath with the silent screen thrown in for good measure will long live in the memories of the masses. They are only two outstanding of many achievements of his legislative career in New York State.

The legalization of Sunday baseball came as a Godsend to Greater New York major league magnates. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been added on the right side of the ledger. Visiting clubs have also profited handsomely. Irrespective of the standing the Yankees, Giants and Dodgers have drawn record-breaking crowds every Sunday they have played at home.

In addition to boxing and baseball, Senator Walker was spokesman against the Blue Law bill which would have put out of business the recreational billiard academies at which men in all stages of life found their few hours of enjoyment on Sundays.

State Profit from Boxing Approximately $715,000

It will interest thousands of devotees of the modern art of self-defense to learn that approximately $715,000 has been deposited in the coffers of the New York State treasury at Albany since the inception of the Walker law.

The general public may be surprised to learn that the enormous revenue from boxing helped to pass the twenty-five per cent income tax slash.

To be more explicit, between $900,000 and $1,000,000 has been collected in taxes, at the rate of five per cent, over a stretch of nearly four and a half years, or since May 14, 1921, when Senator James J. Walker's pet measure was incorporated under section 714 of the State laws.

It is estimated that $10,000,000 has been expended by boxing fans from the time the Walker Law came into being up to and including November, 1925.

General expenses total the small sum of $285,000. This amount subtracted from $1,000,000 leaves the $715,000 profit.

Bout With Gunboat Smith Turning Point In Jack Dempsey's Career

By FRANK HERMAN

Former Sports Editor, The San Francisco Bulletin

THE last time the writer poked his nose close to the resin-box of a ring in which a champion heavyweight boxer of the world measured wallops with a challenger was at the historic Jim Jeffries-Jack Johnson fight in Reno, Nevada.

On that occasion, under the burning sun of a typical midsummer Nevada day, the first negro to be crowned heavyweight champion smiled his then famous "golden smile" after giving the burly Jeffries an unmerciful hammering for fifteen rounds.

However, prosperity proved to be too much of a burden for the black man to carry and after treading the primrose path for a short period, Johnson lost his title to the giant of fistiana—Jess Willard, who in turn was thumped into obscurity by our present champion—Jack Dempsey.

At Toledo, in a gruelling give-and-take battle, Dempsey proved that he had the necessary ammunition stowed away in his gloved fists to smash his way to victory.

On the very spot that Dempsey recently sparred four rounds with a pair of heavies as a side show to the regular boxing card of the Mission Athletic Club at San Francisco, was where he proved he "could take 'em," as "Spider" Kelly remarked to the writer after Dempsey won the decision from the pile-driving walloping "Gunboat" Smith, a terrific puncher in his days.

Fighting a losing battle and assimilating everything that the Gunner shot from his wicked sleep-producing right fist, Dempsey simply shook his head and gallantly responding to the wild shouts of the Spider to go in and finish the Gunner, sailed in and fought an uphill battle to win the verdict.

That really was the turning point in the pubilistic career of Dempsey. If he had failed to get over that hurdle, Jack would probably have developed into an ordinary "ham and egg" scrapper.

And right here it would not be amiss to state that if it had not been for the cheering advice and optimism of that veteran and peer of all seconds—the inimitable Spider Kelly—Jack Dempsey would have been thumped into slumberland by Gunboat Smith. And many pages of pugilistic history would never have been written since that night at the Recreation Baseball Park, regarding the prowess and skill of the present title-holder.

But such is fame. Today Dempsey is the pugilistic hero, at whose shrine hundreds of thousands of people worship. That was demonstrated by the immense throng which packed the ball park in Frisco recently to see him spar with genial Bill "Fat" Larue and Cowboy Warner.

Despite his long absence from the ring and hobnobbing with the elite of filmdom, Dempsey appears to be in excellent condition. Of course, his settos with Larue and Warner were more or less of the gymnasium caliber and no line could be had on his lung or punching powers. But, in the parlance of the dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, the champion looks fit. I doubt if Harry Wills could take his measure.

SENATOR WALKER CHAMPION OF SPORTS

(*Continued from page 6*)

Walker was born and raised in a sporting atmosphere. Baseball and boxing hold an equal share of enthusiasm in his heart. In his school days he played on the sandlots, and they tell us he swung a mean bat. He could use his fists if it became incumbent for him to do so. He didn't cart a chip on his shoulder but he wouldn't take a bluff from boys twice his size. He was Irish through and through.

Delving through law books became monotonous. To while away the time and get a kick out of life, so to speak, "Jimmy" took up song writing for a pastime. He was ambitious to keep step with Izzy Berlin, better known on Broadway as Irving Berlin.

They play "Sidewalks of New York" for Governor Al Smith, Walker's closest friend. They have taken "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May," words and music by James J. Walker, out of camphor. They can't print enough copies of the old popular song. They play and sing it everywhere "Jimmy" puts in an appearance.

NEW York City's next Mayor is the founder of the National Sports Alliance which in the space of two years and a half has grown to a membership of 9,000. We shall never forget Walker's wonderful oration at the April 5 banquet held at the Hotel Commodore. He stirred the immense gathering when he shouted: "Let me tell you that the revenue from boxing added the last word and last letter to help pass the twenty-five per cent income tax slash and"—the vast assemblage arose like one man and cheered him to the echo. It was several minutes before order was restored.

"Boxing is the king of sports," the Senator continued. "It still has a legion of followers. As the father of renewed boxing I have no apology to make." Another roar issued from the throats of his listeners that could be heard in the street below.

"The National Sports Alliance has come to stay. It must go on." Walker was going great guns. "Anything built on sound foundation must succeed. We've done well in this State. We've done well by the Commonwealth. Boxing is generous, uncomplaining. Let me state," he said in conclusion, "that boxing will always stay on the statute books because it is a clean, wholesome game, and I am proud to be its father."

FORTY-FOUR years ago Senator Walker got his first glimpse of the city he has served so well from the windows of a humble home in Leroy street, on Manhattan's seething west side. No one familiar with the background from which he has risen could be surprised at the wholehearted manner in which he has devoted his career to making life a bit easier for those in lowly places. Born among plain people, raised among plain people, he never

(*Continued on page 30*)

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Features Service

THE topic under discussion was, Could Dempsey beat Jeffries? Jim Corbett was surrounded by fight bugs at the Friars Club, some taking the Jeffries side, others the Dempsey end.

Taking Jeffries right at his top form, piped Corbett, and Dempsey at his top form, and I'm inclined to lean to the Jeffries side, and I'll tell you why.

When I was first introduced to Jeff it was at Carson City, when Billy Delaney brought him up to help me train for Fitzsimmons.

Jeff was just a big raw fellow then, and I used to do about as I pleased with him. He was big and strong and willing, but outside of that was about as good as most of the heavies around here today.

I knocked Jeff cold the second day he worked with me. He rushed in with his head down and I uppercut him on the chin and he fell in my arms, OUT.

I used to get in a corner of the ring, promise Jeff that I wouldn't hit him, and order him to let everything fly at me. He was so soft then that I just picked his punches off the way you'd pick peaches off a tree.

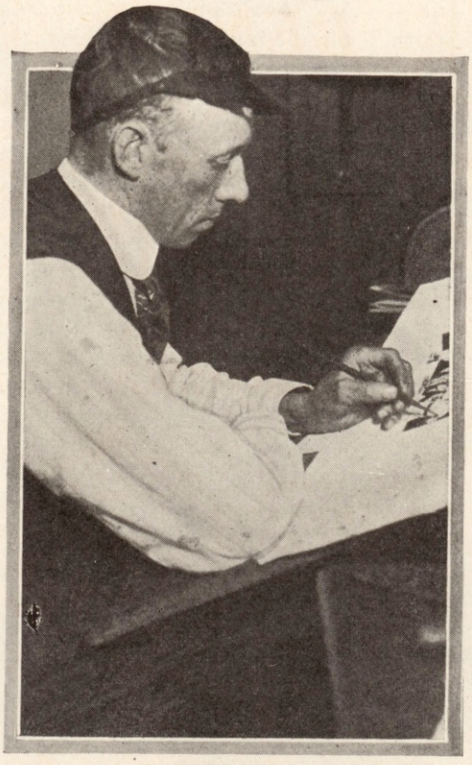
But wait; yes, wait. Later on that fellow was the toughest guy I ever saw for a big man. He had learned a lot and he remembered it. What a left hand he had. I don't think there ever was a big man that had the speed and power in the left hand that Jeff had. He didn't have to swing or hook you with it. He just jabbed, and then he'd knock you back ten feet. He knocked Fitz flat on his back with a jab.

He was powerful, fast and had the speed.
there wasn't much to jab at but his forehead. That right arm of his was three-fourths of a foot wide above the wrist and it was like shooting at a cement wall. You had to look at a place to shoot at, but all the time you were thinking of that big left of his that was in front of him always ready to bump you off.

Jeff wasn't so easy to hit as some people think. His poorest fight was the second one with Fitzsimmons, and he took a terrible beating because he couldn't get out of his own way on account of the soft boards in the ring.

Dempsey would hit him, yes I know, but Jeffries would hit Dempsey, and I want to tell you that if Dempsey ever got that left hand rip into his body he'd start thinking.

You know Dempsey tired badly in Toledo with Willard after the first ex-



TAD

citing round. He's a very nervous fellow; just the opposite of Jeff.

Dempsey went all to pieces with excitement, whereas Jeffries would have been just as cool as a cucumber, no matter what happened.

Jeff was bigger and stronger than Dempsey and could take a terrible beating and still come on.

It would be a bloody fight between that pair, and although I like Dempsey and his attack, I'm afraid I'd have to have a ticket on that boiler maker.

I think I'd walk many a mile to see the pair fight, too.

Jack Dempsey and the Route

THERE are a great many followers of the glove game who still insist that Jack Dempsey cannot go the route. They say that if Dempsey had lived when there were such tough heavies as during the time of Jeffries, Sharkey, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Johnson, Ruhlin, Goddard, Slavin and others, he would have found success a bit more difficult.

Of that bunch some were hard to hit and others were hard to stop. They say that if Jack failed to win within four or five rounds he would have died in his tracks.

A prominent fighter who talked with Dempsey at Toledo after the Willard fight, says:

"I asked Dempsey why it was that he tired so after that first round. He had done no work to speak of. All he had to do was to punch Willard, who was reeling about the ring. Jack told me that after that first round he walked up the aisle shaking hands with people, thinking the fight was over. He said that after he got back to the ring again for the second round he was weak from excitement.

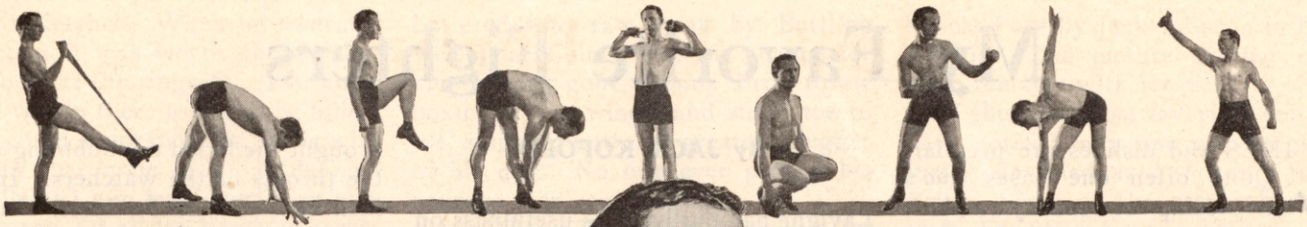
" 'Why,' I said, 'a man in condition ought to be able to go out after that first round, run a mile, and then come back and knock Willard out.' As it was, Dempsey didn't even knock Willard's head back after the first round. He was through, and it's lucky that Willard quit in the third round as he did or Dempsey might never have won the crown. True Dempsey went the route in his bout with Tom Gibbons, but he showed nothing then. Likewise he showed little in his bout with Bill Brennan. It will be interesting to see how Jack will fare with Harry Wills.

Champions

By WALTER TRUMBULL
(*In the New York Evening Post*)

Champions who for their wreaths have fought,
Champions of every clime,
Sooner or later they all are caught
By the flying feet of Time.
Lost in the dust of the years are they,
Swiftly their glory wanes;
Champions have but their little day;
Only the game remains.

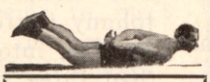
THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.



THE PEP OF YOUTH

BENNY LEONARD'S HOME COURSE OF PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS (& BOXING)

It stands to reason that people who seek youthful physical fitness, should not go to old fogies, back numbers, has-beens, or "never was's," for it. That's why they're enrolling under my instructions.



Reduced Weight

I am following your instructions very carefully, and believe me, I am getting good results. At one time I weighed 208 pounds. Since I began your exercises I now hit 152. (Signed) V. A. Orrick, Wheaton, Ill.

They know I am a young man — still in my twenties. They know the marvels I have performed in transforming my own body from a frail weakling to what has been termed "The Finest Physical Machine in Modern Times."

Eyesight Improved

I am surprised at the improvement I have discovered in myself. Not only are my muscles and my physical condition better, but my mental alertness and my eyesight are improved. (Signed) Arthur McDowell, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

I am teaching "youthfulness" to the American people. I am taking men and women who feel old and are old—and making them young again. I'm making the stout ones slender, the slender ones stouter. I am doing it in a way that is new and modern—ways that have in them the sparkle of youth—the spirit of this day—1925. That's what people want — not worn-out theories—but practical living instructions by a **young** man still in his prime.

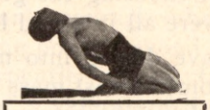
Who in the mischief wants to bend horseshoes or tear decks of cards in half, or hold automobiles on their chests? Who wants to go through life carrying the excess burden of freakish, over-developed, bulging muscles that only make one musclebound and "crippled"? That's more of a detriment than an advantage. You don't want that. What you want is an all-around, healthy, firm, sylph-like physique — hard and fit as a World Champion Boxer—a spring in your step—the sparkle of health in your eye—a song in your heart. You must have these things to make good in the business and social world—to enjoy life. You want just that—and not to be a circus freak.

Diet

Have gone through a great change since I began your lessons. Am thinner and lighter and stronger also. Since following your instructions in regard to diet, I have learned a lot about how to get energy out of a small quantity of food. (Signed) L. J. Galatho, McAdoo, Pa.

Constipation Gone

About the exercises, oh, boy! It is certainly fine. I feel ten times better than I used to. I've been having a lot of trouble with constipation but now it is all over. No more bad breath. Waiting for future instructions. (Signed) Dominick Liberatore, Yonkers, N. Y.



Nerves

I appreciate very much what you are doing for me. Your explanation of what nerve force is and how it can be built up is helping me and is very enlightening. (Signed) S. Dunkelman, Paterson, N. J.

Writers the world over, are this minute telling in newspapers, about my cleanliness — clean fighting, clean living, clean teaching, and now I am proud to say, clean advertising. I am not out to make rowdies. I am out to help people get what God intended they should have —a fine, splendid physique, a body well developed and properly functioning. Enroll with me and get the graceful figure you are after. Get muscle in the right degree; strength, as much as you ought to have. And, for good measure, **learn the Manly Art of Boxing as taught by me, which method comprises the finest form of exercising known, and besides equips you with the needed but neglected Art of Self-Defense. If you have aspirations to box professionally, I'm the man to help you attain your ambitions.**

Let me send you my free booklet, "Now I Can Tell You," which describes my methods. There is no obligation. Send for it this minute. It is FREE. Send me the coupon below now, **right NOW!**

Benny Leonard

Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

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Please send me you booklet "Now I Can Tell You," which describes your home course of teaching physical fitness and boxing by mail, in which I am interested. I enclose 10c (postage or coin) to cover mailing, etc. This places me under no obligation.

I am interested particularly in the following, marked X—

Boxing Instruction ☐	Increased Pay in My Present Job ☐	Rupture ☐
General Physical Fitness ☐	Reducing Weight ☐	Stomach Trouble ☐
Big Muscles ☐	Gaining Weight ☐	Short Wind ☐
Strength ☐	Better Health ☐	Nervousness ☐
Getting a Better Job ☐	Constipation ☐	Pimples ☐
	Rheumatism ☐	Youthful Errors ☐
		Night Losses ☐

Name..... Age.....

Street..... City.....

My Favorite Fighters

By JACK KOFOED

LIKES and dislikes are peculiar. Quite often one bases one's friendship or enmity with a person on some trivial trait in his character. The same is true when picking favorites of the ring. It isn't the question of choosing the greatest men. If that were all it would be quite easy.

I have delved into memory to pick out from the vast mass of boxers those whom I look on as my favorites. Some of them were wonderful performers. Others never quite made the grade to undisputed fame. Yet they are my choice, and others, possibly greater than they, cannot dispute their place.

Here is the list:

Battling Nelson, "The Durable Dane."

Billy Papke, "The Illinois Thunderbolt."

Stanley Ketchel, "The Michigan Assassin."

John L. Sullivan, "The Boston Strong Boy."

Young Corbett.

Terry McGovern, "Terrible Terry."

Mickey Walker.

Jimmy Britt.

Jack Dempsey, "The Manassas Mauler."

Bob Fitzsimmons, "Ruby Robert."

Georges Carpentier, "The Orchid Man."

Johnny Kilbane.

Kid Lavigne, "The Cave Man."

George Chaney, "The Knockout King."

Jim Jeffries.

Bombardier Wells.

Bill Mellody, "The Honey Boy."

Joe Gans, "The Old Master."

Joe Walcott, "The Barbadoes Demon."

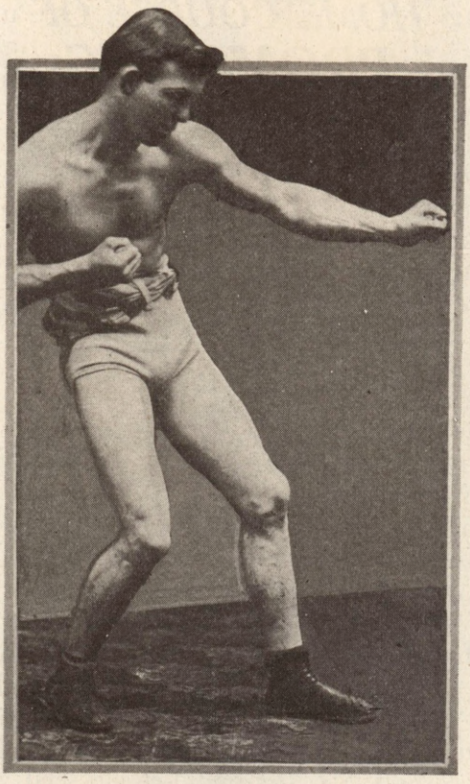
Aurelia Herrera, "The Mexican Killer."

The list is cosmopolitan enough. It contains men of varied races, weights and colors. It holds clever men, heavy punchers, and shock absorbers. It has handsome men and some who run the gorilla a close race for lack of pulchritude. But every one listed possessed color and raw courage.

There are a few who I never watched in action, but who intrigued me by the stories of their lives. John L. Sullivan, for instance, was white haired and paunchy when I first saw him, and Kid Lavigne had outlived his usefulness on the scene when I took to writing sports. But nearly all the others have given me many and varied thrills.

I'LL tell you why the list contains the names it does.

Battling Nelson was the embodiment of all that the race demands in courage and in human vitality. He was a rough fighter, and a good one, sometimes, but the manner in which he stood up without a quiver to the lashings the greatest hitters of his



Battling Nelson

period handed out, the relentless manner in which he kept tearing in to wear his foeman into utter exhaustion was worthy of an epic verse. The Dane was a tremendous egotist, but it was his egotism that kept him going ahead when crushing defeat seemed lurking in the offing.

Billy Papke was another Nelson in crowding the fighting line. He knew no more about boxing than did the Hegewisch mauler, but what a fighter he was! Against Ketchel he battled with a disregard for punishment that few men could have assumed, and leaned to his guns with a savagery that brought the blood cry bubbling up into the throats of the watchers. Inch for inch he was a harder hitter than Nelson, and he went to the wars with the delight of the natural fighter. I recall very clearly how the Illinois Thunderbolt smashed Frank Mantell and Johnny Carrol, able middleweights of his day, into unconsciousness in less than three rounds one summer evening.

Stanley Ketchel was one of the outstanding champions. From the moment he gave up his job as an elevator operator in a Butte hotel to fight the then much-feared Joe Thomas until he was murdered, Ketchel was one of the great "killers" of the ring. He could hit terrifically with either hand, and his bouts with Papke, Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson and Thomas are high spots in ring history. He could deal out more thrills per second than almost any pugilist that ever lived. Had he been spared to continue his career he would have been champion indefinitely.

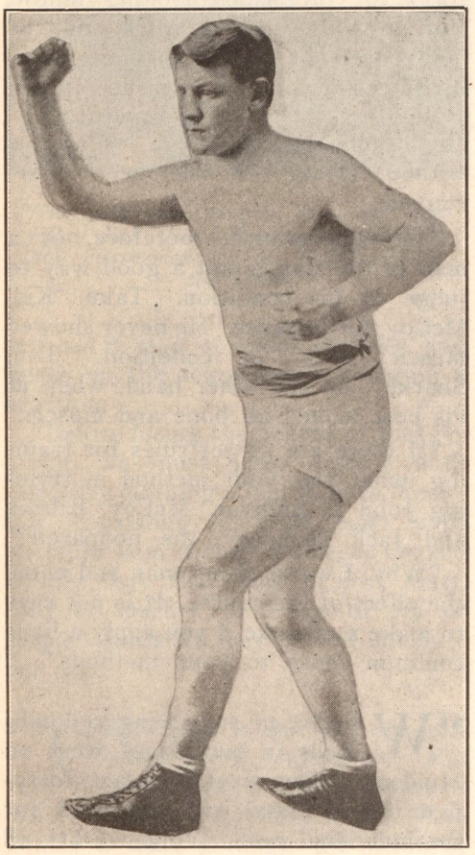
John L. Sullivan's is the magic name of ring history. He was a roaring, big hearted bully, and his defiantly shouted, "I can lick any —— —— in the house," became famous over all the world. In his prime no man could stand up before him. His excesses were as wide flung as his triumphs. He was a giant among men, a savage picaroon of the ring. Loud, boastful, uncouth, yet he was something of a symbol of the strong, raw young country in which he was bred. And no champion, before or since, held his popularity as long after he had quit the game as did old John L.

YOUNG CORBETT was far from being the greatest featherweight champion we ever had. He could, however, beat almost any man who came to him. Terry McGovern tried it, and Terry met with the most ghastly defeats of his career. Of the rushing, tearing battlers Corbett failed only against Nelson, against whom he hurled his heaviest punches without avail. Like many another before him, he tried to whip John Barleycorn, and failed. Then, he renounced the glittering path, and tried a comeback. He was successful against many fair men, but eventually found the grade too steep.

"Terrible Terry" McGovern was the thunderbolt of the little men—a small, concentrated edition of John L. Sulli-

van and Ketchel. When he swarmed into action it was worth almost anything to be at the ringside. You knew that he was in there to kill or be killed, and he could shoot over his blows with a venom that none of the little men who followed him have ever been able to approach. Of all the bantamweights and featherweights I have seen none were like McGovern in the frightful fury of his attack.

Mickey Walker, it seems to me, ranks with Dempsey, as the best of the modern champions. He is always bustling in, hitting often and hard. Certainly, he is the most cheerful of them all. He seems to take the greatest pleasure in his business. The Walker smile—that expansive Irish grin—has become famous from coast

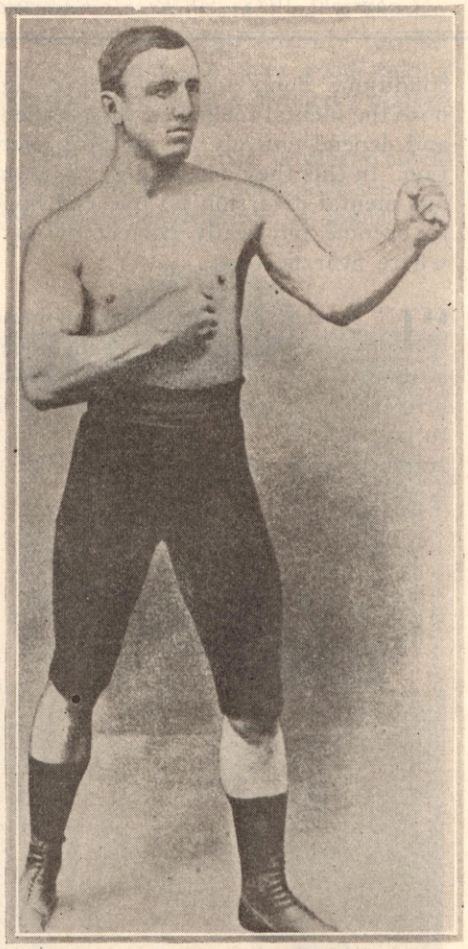


Young Corbett

to coast. And it isn't only before and after fights that he smiles. When the punching is heaviest and the going hottest he finds time to unloose his mirth. I like a man who finds pleasure in his difficult work.

Jimmy Britt ranks as one of the most intelligent fighters I ever met. His roughneck friends "below the slot" in 'Frisco scoffed at him because he wore a white collar, and it was in fighting for his right to a gentleman's appearance that James Edward Britt learned much of his trade. He had a left arm like a foil, an excellent right, and courage of high degree. When he had been battered into raw steak by Battling Nelson at Colma, and his chance for victory was gone, Jimmy Britt threw boxing to the winds, and stood toe to toe, slugging with the greatest slugger of his day. No one ever proved his courage more conclusively.

Jack Dempsey would go on my list if for not other reason than his fight with Luis Firpo. There was the great-



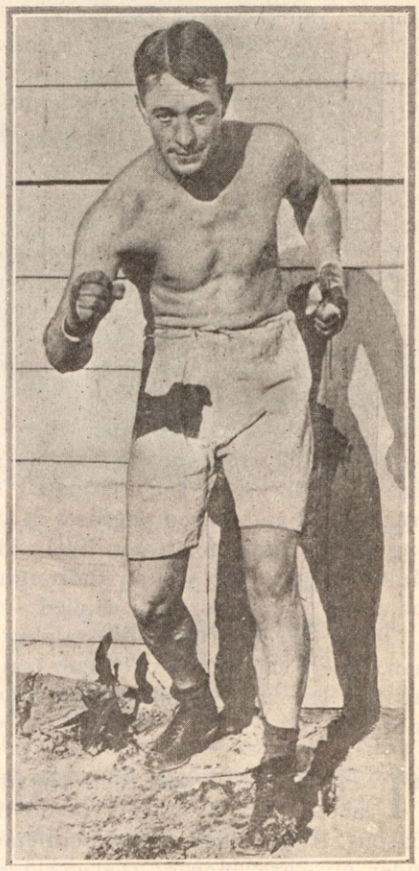
Kid Lavigne

est battle the game ever saw. And if Dempsey, through financial expediency, has found it better to play in the movies than continue his natural game of fisticuffs, he remains a really wonderful man to watch. And no one ever looked the part to a more dramatic degree. When he climbed into the ring against Billy Miske at Benton Harbor, with his terrible frown and his jowls masked in bristly whiskers, he was the hairy ape incarnate.

BOB FITZSIMMONS, a physical freak if one ever lived, built like a Hercules above the waist and a spindling youth below, a middleweight who cheerfully gave away forty pounds to the giants; a superb ring general and a terrific hitter; a man who won the world's heavyweight championship at thirty-five, and was still in the game at fifty. He was one of my youthful idols, and, as a kid, I saw him knocked out by Jack Johnson in Philadelphia. The picture of that tragic farce remains with me yet.

Of these first ten favorites you may have noticed only one who might be justly classified as a boxer. Jimmy Britt. Some of the others had ring craft, but they were not known primarily as skillful men. Aggressiveness, high courage, hard hitting—that was their forte. And the average man is likely to rank courage ahead of speed, and hitting power beyond speed.

Georges Carpentier, "The Orchid Man of France," a veteran of the war, a handsome, colorful chap, if not a really great heavyweight, has a place as one of my favorites. There have been few better right hands in the



Stanley Ketchell

game than his. As a boy in his teens he met such tigers as Papke and Klaus, and some of his vitality was sapped. Yet, though beaten here by Dempsey, Gibbons and Tunney he still remains a wonderful drawing card because of his savoire-faire and elan. He is handsome, suave, well dressed—the Beau Brummell of fighting men.

I always liked Johnny Kilbane. I spent a good bit of time in his Lieperville training camp when he was making ready for his debacle with Benny Leonard, and found him of in intelligence above that usually associated

(*Continued on page* 24)

Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes

The Second of a Series of Ten Articles in Which the Author Will Quote Interviews with America's Greatest Authorities on the Subject)

By NAT FLEISCHER

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WILLIAM MULDOON, former champion Graeco-Roman wrestler of the world, famous physical culturist and member of the New York State Boxing Commission, has had experience in training such famous exponents of the fistic art as John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Jake Kilrain and "Kid" McCoy in addition to many other world famous celebrities. This qualifies him to talk intelligently on the subject of training. His own robust appearance at the age of eighty is in itself an indorsement of the methods he employs at his health farm at Rye, N. Y. Mr. Muldoon today, despite his age, steps just as lightly and elastic as he did forty years ago, when he made his first appearance on the stage with Mme. Modjeska as Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It." Asked how, when in his prime, he built up the shattered physical wrecks of the dissipated or overworked and placed pugilists in the ring fit to fight for their lives, Mr. Muldoon eyed the writer thoroughly for a few moments, then replied:—

"There are no rules for training a man. There can be none. Proper training for one man would break down another.

"INDIVIDUALS and their physical needs vary as widely as do the seasons. I have had many gentlemen under my care, men of the world, on whose constitutions years of rapid living had made serious inroads, men who had spent half a lifetime defying all laws of nature and were trying to regain that which they had lost; business men, who in the hunt for money had kept up a strain on their power of endurance which had deprived them of half of the pleasures of life; pugilists whose stock in trade is perfect physical condition.

"I have had them all, but have never yet found any two men on whom the same treatment would have the same effect. Common sense application of the laws of nature, plain food, fresh air and outdoor exercise are all that are needed to perfect a man's physical condition. Some trainers entirely ignore the mental feeling of their patient and depend entirely on physical exertion. In this they are wrong, for without mental diversion no one can hope to become physically perfect or anywhere near perfect.

"IT is easy to put a man in good physical shape. Take, for instance, a man whose constitution has been broken down by constant application to business. If he is not afflicted with some organic disease I will almost

Monument erected by people of Australia to the memory of Peter Jackson at Brisbane.

guarantee to place him in good shape in two months if he will follow my directions. I have tried it so often when physicians have failed, and have met with such success, that I feel confident of my ability to do so.

"Physical condition in man is very deceptive. I cannot tell, nor can any one else, by looking at a man, whether or not he is in good condition. How often do you hear, when two pugilists step into a ring and remove their coats, the exclamations of the spectators as to their condition. One may be a trifle fleshy, the other apparently nothing but bone and sinew.

"People will look with admiration at the man whose muscles seem to stand out like whipcords and feel sorry for the flabby looking fellow. But until they go to work and the lung power or 'wind,' as many term it, is tested, you can form no opinion as to their condition. The ideal-looking athlete may be like a locomotive without steam. He has been overtrained.

"The appearance, therefore, of a man in the ring is not a good way to judge of his condition. Take 'Kid' McCoy, for instance. He never showed muscle when in condition. Tom Sharkey, on the other hand, when at his best looked all bone and muscle."

"If there are no set rules for training, what was your method in training John L. Sullivan, McCoy, Kilrain and Jack Dempsey, the nonpareil?"

"Why, I watched my man and noted the effect of the course. It is not easy to make a mistake if you apply a little common sense to your methods."

"WE have no such thing as dumbbells in our place" went on Muldoon. "Our exercises last forty-five minutes and are regulated for the individual case. While we are all doing the same thing the pace, which is the all-important thing, is what we have to regulate, never attempting to force the weak men or the new beginner, only drive those who are inclined to loaf for exercise is effort, and the average man unconsciously avoids the effort, if he is prompted to do so.

"At the end of forty-five minutes exercise, we again assemble in the dressing room, do not remove any of our garments but add to them in order to encourage perspiration. We have ten minutes rest to sweat out, well wrapped and covered, and we drink one pint of hot water at a temperature that we can drink it comfortably with a view to washing out the stomach and

increasing the perspiration.

"We then, before the temperature begins to lower, or the perspiration ceases, strip quickly for a shower. We do not allow them under the shower without being active all the while, washing themselves all over with soap and then wash over the second time Then a hand rub followed by the towels for every person must rub himself as it is a splendid exercise and keeps up the temperature bringing a reaction.

"Hit with your knuckle, Bob, like your father did." Jim Jeffries giving advice to Bob Fitzsimmons on his recent visit to the Coast.

"Before losing the benefit of that reaction we must dress quickly with clean dry clothing; then follows breakfast consisting of fruit, eggs with bacon or ham if they desire, or cooked in any way that they desire; toast, rolls or muffins; one cup of tea or coffee whichever they prefer, but only *one* cup.

"THEN there is one and one-half hours' rest, relaxation and time to attend mail, morning papers or whatever they may have to do. Then comes a walk through the fields or woods, or on the highways, each day a different route. We do not measure the distance. A pace is set to suit the individual. They must be dressed for it, especially the feet, and it is the time and not the distance. The time is two hours; for the weaker or unable—or as we call them the hardly-ables—the time or the distance is shorter, and the pace to suit.

"After the walk more hot water, never removing any of the clothing but adding more to it. Then a rest of ten minutes or so. After this a shower and a clean outfit of clothing. Following that is dinner, one o'clock. They must eat slowly.

"Our dinners are no different from any other good sensible, liberal dinner,—soups, meat, three kinds of vegetables and one glass of water, and dessert to suit the indivdual. Following dinner they must rest, sit down, keep off the feet, relax so as to get the benefit of the two exercises which they have already taken and which is as much as any human being requires in order to get the intended benefits.

"This is an important point because as a rule people go entirely too far and do more harm than good, taking exercise, making it a drudgery instead of a remedy.

"Our hour to retire is nine o'clock. We inspect all bedrooms and see that the proper ventilation is made. No lights from nine o'clock until time to rise, when they are called.

Mrs. Baumgartner, wife of Philadelphia pitcher, who is the first woman in Pennsylvania to obtain a manager's license.

"Prompt obedience to orders is required and demanded lest we will not be responsible for the results."

(To Be Continued)

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THE AVERAGE PRELIM

By GRANTLAND RICE

(In the New York Tribune)

FAR off, the dream of a crown,
And the winning thrust,
As he writhes once more, face down,
In the resin's dust;
Riding along on a hunch
To the final stand,
Fame and wealth in a punch
He will never land.

Harry Wills, Dempsey's nemesis, and wife upon arrival home from tour of Europe.

"Song of the Mittman"

By R. McLAUGHLIN

OH! It's me for the mighty mitt game;
The game of wallop and smack;
The "never-lay-down-and-quit" game;
'Till you're out on the broad of your back;
And the "plonk" of padded leather
On the ribs of a worthy foe,
Take all music put together,
Is the sweetest tune I know.

OH! The joy in the red blood bounding
Thro' a body that never fails
'Neath a foe's incessant pounding,
But is fit and as hard as nails.
No matter how tough the battle;
Just to sock and hammer and grin,
Tho' your teeth, with each wallop may rattle,
To keep plugging away . . . and win!

SO it's me for the mighty mitt game;
The game of hammer and tong;
The "make-em-miss-and-then-hit" game,
And fight from gong to gong!

R. McLAUGHLIN.

Clamor for Repeal of California's Peculiar Boxing Rule

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE action of the California Boxing Commission in passing a rule providing that a boxer who is knocked or falls out of the ring shall have twenty seconds in which to clamber back through the ropes has resulted in much discussion in leading pugilistic circles.

The exact object of the Coast boxing solons is difficult to understand. Some of the Eastern experts have advanced the opinion that the ring platforms in the cities of the golden west are higher than the roped squares in other parts of the country and that the plunge through the hemp to the arena floor is more dangerous and therefore more likely to cause serious injury to the acrobats.

Another explanatory suggestion is that the present crop of Coast contestants is not so rugged as the Eastern contingent of ground and lofty ring tumblers and do not recover so quickly after catapulting through the ropes to the ringside seats. One thing certain is that the new rule will prove a boon to the Eastern pugilists who may go West in search of fame and fortune.

* * *

THEY are accustomed to regain consciousness after a dive through the ropes and in a majority of cases resume hostilities inside the ring within ten seconds. With twenty seconds in which to get back into the ring one of our hardy Eastern boxers would doubtless order some light refreshments before returning to battle and also chat with friends in the press row.

On the other hand, California boxers appearing in bouts in the East would encounter serious obstacles. Confirmed buck jumping fighters, with a predilection for hurdling the ring ropes, would find the ten second rule of the East a severe hardship, and unless they could abandon their usual tactics of disappearing from the ring at frequent intervals their chances of winning a fight would indeed be slender.

The rule of the New York State Athletic Commission as applied to unexpected absence from the ring by one or both contestants is explicit, clear and convincing. It reads as follows:

IF a contestant who has been knocked or has fallen out of the ring during the progress of a round fails to regain his feet in the ring before the expiration of ten seconds the referee shall count him out as if he were down. A contestant who has fallen or been knocked out of the ring must return unassisted."

In reading the above rule one is struck with the conviction that when Jack Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Senor Firpo the champion complied with the regulation in all respects except one,—HE DID NOT RETURN UNASSISTED.

There are numerous ways in which a boxer may leave the ring in an undignified manner. He may receive a pelt on the jaw, such as Firpo dealt Dempsey, and shoot through the ropes with feet up in the air.

He may be the victim of football tactics and as the result of a violent push from some former tackle of the gridiron, turn a back somersault into the literary section.

* * *

HE may make a tornadic rush at his opponent, who neatly sidesteps, thus permitting the rusher to find an unobstructed pathway between the top and middle ropes.

He may trip over his own feet when close to the ropes and thus dive to the floor of the club house.

Edward Munson, a timekeeper who has made a study of the subject, declares that a majority of instances of unofficial departures from the ring are due to pushes from opponents, and that the number of cases in which boxers are knocked from the ring by a blow are comparatively few.

It would seem, therefore, that a boxer who has been deliberately pushed out of the ring by an opponent should be exempt from punishment and that only those who are punched through the ropes or fall out through their own carelessness should be penalized. As the rule stands all are equally culpable.

The California rule of twenty seconds to regain the ring after falling or being knocked out, will not have any serious effect on the business of boxing in other parts of the country. There is small likelihood of any other State Commissions adopting the rule, and if Coast boxers get into the bad habit of dawdling after falling out of the ring their leisurely movements may prove costly, especially when they are fighting outside of their own State.

* * *

THERE have been many abuses in connection with the pushing or knocking of athletes out of boxing rings, both by pugilists and wrestlers. One of the most unwarranted instances was that in which a 250 pound second was hurled from the ring floor and into a box in which were sitting two non-combatant spectators. That the burly second did not cripple one or both of the spectators was due more to good luck than anything else. This near tragedy took place in the Lenox A. C. in New York on the night of November 22, 1898, during the more or less celebrated Horton Law period.

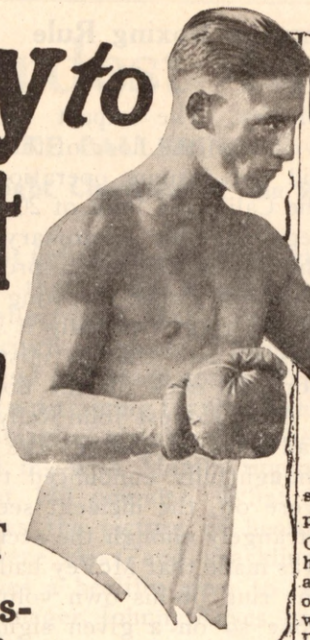
The contestants were James J. Corbett, now a popular stage figure and Thomas Sharkey, able seaman. The ninth round was in progress and up to that time Sharkey had made 678 swings with left and right, frequently hitting the air in close proximity to Mr. Corbett's head. Mr. Corbett had executed 687 sidesteps and was proceeding with the skill and agility of a Charleston dancer. Then a singular thing happened.

Cornelius McVey, 250 pound second for Corbett, who had been lying at full length on the steps leading to Corbett's corner, suddenly arose, walked into the ring and berated Sharkey for his alleged brutal and illegal attacks on Corbett. As Sharkey's assaults had punctured only the smoke filled air, the onlookers were convinced that McVey had dozed off while lying on the steps and had dreamed that his principal was being maltreated by the Sailor.

The effect of McVey's singular action was the disqualification of Corbett and a bloodless victory for Sharkey. In view of the fact that Corbett was not in danger at any time during the bout and was a 7 to 10 favorite over the Sailor, McVey's conduct was regarded as quite reprehensible and decidedly unjust to Corbett. There is no doubt that Corbett

(*Continued on page* 16)

Obscurity to Limelight and now Fame & Fortune!



Another JIMMY DEFOREST Trained Boy Hailed By Newspapers as a "SENSATION"

You can do what Joe Canamare has done, for he has not always been a boxer. Until a very short time ago, he delivered laundry! His future was uncertain and his struggle for existence in the crowded East Side of New York was anything but easy.

And then something happened that changed the whole course of his life. Today he is in the limelight! He has money to spend. He is a hero and idol whenever he appears in the ring. Boxing promoters are bidding for his services. He is called by the newspapers the "welterweight sensation." Fame and Fortune are now within his grasp!

The Same Instruction That Made This Lad a Sensation is Available to You

Without leaving your home or interfering with your present occupation you can learn all there is to know about boxing. My entire 35 years' experience and knowledge of boxing—all that I taught Jack Dempsey, Firpo, Pal Moore, Joe Gans and a host of other champions and great contenders about attack, defense, ring strategy and generalship and the tricks of the game has been set down in my complete course by mail. Thousands of lads are now learning how to box under my direction by this method, where formerly I could train only two or three at a time in person. My methods are so easy to apply and my instruction and newly devised illustrations so easy to understand that anyone can become a scientific boxer in an amazingly short time.

20 Short Weeks All You Need

Many of my boys were the rawest novices 20 weeks ago—never had a glove on their hands. Today they are clever boxers and are already tasting some of the glory and fat purses that will be theirs in a very short time. In 20 weeks I will teach you all there is to know about boxing so that you can enter a profession where fortunes are being made—or if you prefer, use your knowledge and new-born strength for self defense or keeping yourself fit.

I am Looking for Boys to Train at My Camp—Without Cost

Every lad who takes my Boxing Course by Mail has a chance to come under my training in person at my Long Branch, N. J., camp where I train the big fighters for their championship bouts.

Every six months I select champions in each weight division from my pupils. I also select a second and a third choice in each division so that in the event any of the champions cannot come to my camp the second or possibly the third man will be called. If you are one of those selected you will receive a railroad ticket to my camp and all your expenses will be paid while you are under my personal training. The whole trip will not cost you a cent.

My Champs Will be Featured in New York City Bouts

After I finish polishing off my champions at my camp, I will match them for bouts at Tex Rickard's new Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium or some other big New York club.

If you are one of these lucky lads your future as a boxer will be assured. The newspapers will carry the story of your New York debut. The club managers will see you in action and will be eager to sign you up for future bouts. You will be off to a flying start and nothing will stand between you and a successful ring career with all of its glory, fat purses, and a life of ease and travel.

Send for my Gripping Book, "The Golden Age of Boxing"

Every page of this fascinating book is brimful of action. It contains numerous photos of great ring battles and champions and scenes at my training camp. It explains how I teach boxing so successfully by mail. It shows some of the special picture charts I use in my instructions. It contains a complete outline of my course, week by week. It is a volume you will want to keep for a permanent record. Send 10c to cover cost of mailing and postage and I'll send you a copy at once. Opportunity is knocking at your door. NOW is the time to ACT. Mail the coupon TODAY!

Jimmy DeForest

Box 721

347 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK CITY

CANAMARE STOPS CUCCIA IN FIRST

...mmon... Bout Has All ...rills of Dempsey Firpo Battle

Joe Canamare, new welterweight sensation, scored another quick and impressive one-round knockout at the Commonwealth S. C., last night, when he put Tommy Cuccia out in 2 minutes and twelve seconds of the first session of their six-round contest. The bout was remindful of the now historic Dempsey-Firpo encounter.

When the pair came together in a hot mixup at the opening gong, Cuccia swapped punches with the hard-hitting Canamare, who has earned the reputation of a deadly hitter. One of Cuccia's wallops connected with Canamare's jaw and toppled him through the ropes. Joe, though dazed, hustled back to the centre of the ring, and in the ensuing mixup landed one of his "pile-drivers." Cuccia, though a sturdy battler who can take it, dropped as if he had been pole-axed, and the referee counted him out.

Canamare got a great ovation from the fans. Practically all of the other boxers on the card huddled around the ring or back among the spectators to see Canamare in action. After the bout Jess Mahon, matchmaking director of the club, said:

"I'll have Canamare back here next Saturday night if I can find an opponent who will meet him. But it's a tough job. Six leading welterweights turned down offers to meet him tonight, and it was only at the last minute, practically, that Cuccia consented to go on with him."

Canamare learned his boxing and how to hit from that past master of the art of fisticuffs, Jimmy de Forest. Jimmy sat near his corner last night.

...orge Leving...

—From the New York World Sept. 6, 1925

Jimmy DeForest
Box 721
347 Madison Ave.
New York City.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send me your book, "The Golden Age of Boxing," without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Street No.....

City.....State.....

Clamor for Repeal of Peculiar Boxing Rule

(*Continued from page* 14)

bitterly reprobated his thoughtless or sleepy second. But McVey did not escape without rebuke.

* * *

STANDING near Corbett's corner was William S. Devery, the "best chief of police New York ever had," not excepting even "Nine-Gods-of-War" Bingham. Mr. Devery wore his parade uniform and a severe expression of countenance. As McVey with a sheepish look on his face, started to climb out of the ring, Devery sprang up the steps, and seizing the second about the waist hurled him into a box adjoining the Corbett corner.

Seated in this box were Al Smith, noted sporting man, who died some years ago, and the writer. The latter was bending over a writing pad on his knee, making some notes on the peculiar incidence, when he was struck on the head by the bulky torso of McVey. The impact scrambled the writer on the floor of the box, and he did not resume operations inside of the California limit of 20 seconds. On regaining his customary composure the writer penned a protest against Chiefs of Police throwing seconds out of the ring, especially if his eyesight was so poor that he mistook the reportorial neck for the floor.

After Honest John Kelly the referee had declared Sharkey the winner, and thoughtfully announced that all bets were off, the incident seemed closed. Strangely enough the accusation later was made that McVey had not entered the ring of his own volition but had done so on a given signal from the schemers with the object of assuring success to those who had wagered large sums on Sharkey. But of course Messrs. Devery, Corbett, and others were unaware of this scheming and were highly indignant.

THE writer had a somewhat similar experience during a wrestling bout in the 71st Regiment Armory a few years ago. We sat with Tom Rice, a dignified member of the Fourth Estate, in the press row, not dreaming of impending danger. However we were shortsighted for the fact of John Pesek, a fiery tempered person being in the ring should have proved sufficient warning. His opponent was a fat Finn weighing some 275 pounds on the hoof. Pesek owing to his inability to introduce the Finn's shoulders to the resin dust, became irritated and with a violent rush sent the Finn flying through the ropes and on the heads of Rice and myself.

The Finn's shoulder hit the writer on the head, but the fragile chair broke and thus softened the blow. Rice was hit on the shoulder by the wrestler's foot and was sent down but not out. In view of these facts I seriously question the propriety of athletes being tossed out of rings on innocent onlookers.

The Kentucky Cave Man

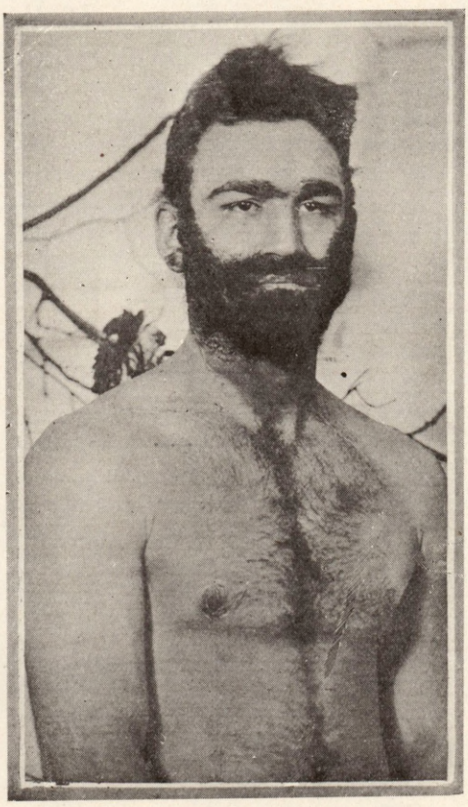
By MORRIE HERMAN

ONE of the most interesting characters in the ring today is Eddie McDonald, the "Kentucky Cave Man," whose home, when his trainers can keep him away from the woods and hills back of Bromley, Kentucky, is in that city near the Licking River. Even when the "Cave Man" can be kept from his favorite cave, he insists in sleeping in a shack in the yard in the rear of his home, subsists almost entirely on raw meat and uncooked vegetables and even goes Firpo one better as to his sleeping arrangements.

Firpo, it is recalled when the Argentinian first came here, insisted upon laying his mattress on the floor. Springs were too downy for the Argentine battler. But the "Cave Man" spurns a mattress and has fashioned himself a bed of boughs over which is thrown a moth-eaten buffalo robe. This robe is one of his prized possessions. When the "Cave Man" fares forth into the woods he puts the robe around him and at night it serves as his bed.

McDonald's outdoor life, his primitive food, his bed of boughs, all seem to agree with him. After an outing of three days McDonald came back to civilization and Fort Thomas last year, and knocked out Red Faulkner in five rounds.

McDonald believes that his mode of living outdoors, just like wild animals do, will give him the necessary strength to be classed among the topnotchers.



Eddie McDonald

"Consider the animals," argues Eddie between his workouts in the gym. "They remain out all winter. The cold toughens them. They roam miles and miles, getting natural exercise in the fresh air. They eat only the foods that nature intended they should eat. I remember reading about the cave men of prehistoric times. Huge fellows they were, who carried great clubs and met the beasts and each other in combat. If their life made them strong, certainly their manner of living will build me up."

The Ex-Champion Speaks

By GRANTLAND RICE
(In the New York Tribune)

I, too, once ruled the height,
I, too, was once the king;
Lord by the rule of might,
Master of form and swing.

Now with the waning sun,
Where still the slow years creep,
Here where the dream is done,
I still can dream and sleep.

Dreams through each drifting year,
Deep in some memory,
Yet I must wake to hear
Cheers that are not for me.

My Hardest Fight

By MIKE BALLERINO
Junior Lightweight Champion of the World

MY hardest fight? Well, fans, that isn't an easy question for me to answer. When you ask me a question like that, I'd like to come back with the reply: "Ask me something easier."

I had a hard fight on my hands when I got back to the U. S. A. after three years in Siberia and the Philippine Islands. I had to battle like the devil to keep the girls away from me.

However, I suppose you want the story of my hardest fight in the ring, and I'll try to oblige you. To be truthful about it, I've had many tough fights in the ring. You know that I battled my stablemate, Pancho Villa, nine times—no less—in the Philippine Islands. Not one of these nine fights was what you would call a picnic, exactly. Pancho and I were both out to make reputations, and I guess any one of those nine might be called my hardest fight.

Who would have thought, at the time that Pancho and I were socking each other around the Manila rings, that the man who was promoting our Manila fights would some day be managing both of us, and that we would each be world champions in different divisions?

I GUESS that I'm safe in selecting my fight with the late "Pepper" Martin on June 24, 1924, at the Nostrand A. C., in Brooklyn, was my hardest fight. I've boxed some tough babies in my time, although I'm only 23 years old, but I doubt if I ever met a tougher, harder opponent than "Pepper" Martin in the condition he was that night.

To begin with, I had been hearing stories about "Pepper" not training hard, and being in poor condition, so I didn't take my training any too seriously, either. I don't mean that I didn't do any work at all, because my trainer, "Whitey" Ekwert, is one of those slave-drivers that was born without a heart. All he knows is: "Come on, Mike—three more fast rounds and you can knock off." What a wonderful job that guy could have had if he had lived in the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Anyway, I was in pretty good condition for that fight, although I thought all the time that it was a waste of time and effort and that "Pepper" would be a cinch. You see, I believed all the stories I had heard about "Pepper" Martin not training for that fight.

You can imagine my surprise when we weighed in—with Martin tipping the beam at 130 pounds! What is more, he was the picture of health. His eyes were clear and sparkling, and there was a healthy glow to his skin. His manager, Johnny Keyes, had pulled a quick one.

Keyes had sent "Pepper" Martin out to the country for that fight, and kept him working hard, living right, eating right—in a word, trained him down to the best condition of his life. "Pepper" Martin is at his very best when he weighs around 130. And I had been under the impression that he would drift in, weighing about 135 or 136. It looked like a tough night for Bayonne, believe me!

WITH the tap of the gong for the opening round, I leaped out after "Pepper," and began hooking and swinging for all I was worth, socking them in around Martin's midriff. I knew right then and there that I was in a fight, because he didn't back up a cent's worth. He took them, without paying a bit of attention to them, and drove his fist into my map with a force that made me wish I had some more pleasant and agreeable playmate in the ring with me.

You know my style of battle—I like to carry the fight to the other fellow, and I keep punching from beginning to end of a round. But with Martin this nightI didn't have to carry much fighting to him. He wanted to help me carry it! Every time I made a dash at him, he was right there to meet me, and to give as good as he got.

The fight went on, round after round of hot, fierce milling, and I was beginning to feel a trifle worried. I didn't seem to be slowing Martin up a bit. And in the fifth round, "Pepper" treated me to a storm of Sol Levinsons that had me gasping for breath at the end of the session. As a matter of fact, he had slammed me in the chin with a right hand punch that made me see stars, and all I could do was try and keep punching, and make him believe that I wasn't hurt.

That was one time in my career when I wished that I had taken up some peaceful profession like a jockey, or an aviator, or a North Pole explorer.

"Pepper" must have realized that he had hurt me in the fifth round, because he came out in the sixth with a determined look on his face, and he began to let fly those long dangerous swings—and anyone who saw him flatten Mickey Brown at the Garden that night, in the eleventh round, knows how dangerous those swings are when they land right.

HOW I kept away from him I don't know to this day. I was still groggy from the effects of that mighty wallop in the fifth round, although my trainer had worked like a Trojan during the interval, trying to bring me to.

I came back a bit in the seventh and eighth, and managed to hold him pretty even.

Between the eighth and ninth rounds I turned to my manager, Frank A. Churchill, who was occupying his favorite seat right in the corner, and said: "How do I stand? Am I ahead of him?"

"You're not ahead by a hell of a lot," said Churchill. "You'll have to do better than you've been doing to get the decision."

I stepped out after Mr. Martin for all I was worth. I made up my mind it was a case of do or die, because it was very important for me to win that fight. In my previous fight, I had won the decision over Kid Sullivan, and just four days before my bout with "Pepper," that I'm telling you about, Sullivan had won the title which I now hold from Johnny Dundee. So you can see how important it was for me to roll up a string of victories.

Those last four rounds—the ninth to the twelfth—will always remain in my memory as good reasons why a fellow should never take up boxing as a profession. I was driving myself for all I was worth, and "Pepper" was

(*Continued on page* 24)

The Brown Man in the Field of Sports

By FRANK O'NEILL

Who Toured the Orient with U. S. Ball Players)

WE of the Caucasian race have a happy conceit that we are the world's natural athletes. That we have created all the records in every sport, and that the white athlete dominates the earth. And it is no doubt true. Yet it has been said that off in the jungles of Africa are men who can high jump seven feet, who leap twenty-five feet chasms, and who can walk down a deer in the jungles. This probably is true, for the wild wolf will thrive where the pampered hound perishes. The Comanche Indians could run for hours across deserts where a white man would wilt. And they did it because they lived in that country and were hardened to it.

The Anglo-Saxon has long dominated the field of sport, 'tis true. We had our British champions for years, the very flower of the athletic world. Then came the American to sweep all before him. The north countries of Europe produced their champions. Centuries before all this, when the Druids were making human sacrifices in the forests of Britain, the Greeks and Romans conducted their field sports, their wrestling, and fights with the cestus. But sport has its cycle of change, and today we are looking to the East somewhat apprehensively, for in Japan and teeming China there is athletic material, rich almost beyond dream.

Before we pat ourselves on the back too enthusiastically, let's get down to the bed rock of things for a couple of minutes and think. Are we an "athletic race" in the sense that we are all fairly proficient athletes, or is it the pick of the field, a few specialized men who do our running, and our jumping, our wrestling and our fighting, our rowing and our fencing. Does the average man know how to hurdle? Can he box? Can he wrestle?

I don't think he can. Moreover, I know he can't. He takes his exercise by proxy, and would rather look at Joie Ray break a record than run fifty feet after a car. He would rather ride five blocks in a taxi cab on a cold morning or jam into the subway than walk five blocks in the cold bracing air which would do him a world of good. John W. Average Man is an athletic slacker of the worst form. And his dereliction is not detrimental to any one but himself. The fine muscles with which Nature has covered his bones; the sinews which hold the muscles in place are being cheated out of their right to work and keep in condition.

There is too great a desire to excel in the American. There is too great a desire to take the result of competition too seriously, and place higher valuation on winning than on the competition. There are too many men who will not be satisfied with mediocrity in sport. They forget that the duffer of the golf links, who sends clubs flying, and whose score mounts into the hundreds gets just as much benefit out of the day on green grass under God's bright sunshine as the professional whose living depends upon his ability to play in the low 70's.

There is just as much athletic benefit in losing a 6 to 4 lawn tennis match as there is in winning. If some folks can't win, they throw away their clubs or their racquet. Failing of honors, they abandon sport and athletics.

No one knows better than the writer the great number of men in America who engage in sport. No one knows better than he the thousands who make their daily or weekly pilgrimages to the links, and vow each time to burn up their clubs. But I am speaking of a whole country, and of an athletic race, so called.

Having recently returned from a tour of Japan and China, with a trip through Korea and the Philippine Islands, where he accompanied the American ball players on a tour of the Orient, the writer was at some leisure to study briefly, at least, the athletic system in vogue in the Orient. Better to say, perhaps, the athletic system in Japan.

China is like a lazy, corpulent old hobo, laughing its indolent way through life. John Chinaman neither knows nor cares how or why the world wags. Yet before bidding him adieu, we will tell something of the natural athletes of the interior of China, and their marvellous skill at swords play.

Japan is a nation of progress. It is a nation of mimics, and a nation of born efficiency men. There is nothing haphazard in what the Japanese does. If he builds a temple to Buddha, he builds an edifice that endures through ages.

Nikko and Kyoto. If he builds a bat-

Witness the magnificent shrines at

tle ship to defend his coast line, it classes with the best in the world. If he goes in for sports, he goes in with a vim that draws upon his whole heart and body. He plays as he works, and as he lives.

The best is offered to the matter in hand. His code is as old as racial tradition. We take it from a line in the book "Bushido": "I would not offer to my Maker the dregs of a misspent life."

This is an expression of a Japanese commenting upon death-bed repentances.

Japan has gone in for sport in a serious way, and does not offer to sport a haphazard effort. Japanese athletes may never reach the heights achieved by the Caucasian. They lack the physique for one thing, and physique counts heavily. A good big man can generally whip a good little man. But regardless of heights attained, regardless of success achieved, Japan is indulging in sports for the benefits to be derived, and for the sake of sport.

Do your best, give your best effort, and let the result take care of itself. That is the philosophy of the Japanese in sports. And it is a mighty sound philosophy. There has to be a winner and a loser, but no stigma attaches to honest defeat.

If the Japanese continue as they are going—if they stick to the course planned by such wise and far-seeing men as Professor Isoo Abe and M. Naoki, they are bound to arrive. Additional impetus has been added to sport in Nippon by the interest shown by the Crown Prince, who patronizes sports in general, and who just a few offered by the scion of the royal fam-months ago offered several cups for prizes in track and field meet. Thousands of Japanese youths are striving with fanatical zeal to win some prize ily.

The colleges in Nippon have well laid out athletic fields and hundreds of young men out running and jumping. Baseball is flourishing. Rugby football is popular. There is an Intercollegiate Rowing Association with eight members. A veritable army of young Japanese are to be seen on the lawn tennis courts every day, and with the mild climate, the racquet experts have a long season. Baseball is played not only by the college student but also by the lad in the elementary school.

One cannot pass a vacant lot in Kobe, Tokio, Kyoto, Osaka, or any of the more prominent cities of Japan without seeing some of the small boys at play. They present a strange appearance in their kimonos and getas, trying to copy the Babe Ruth swing according to their ideas of the big Bambino.

Lack of territory limits the ancient and royal game of golf, but there is in Tokio a delightful and picturesque nine-hole course. Kobe has one of the most beautiful courses in the world, situated high on the Rokko Hills, commanding a view of the country for miles around, and overlooking the broad harbor of Kobe.

We Americans have heard much of the ability of the man in the street to defend himself. We have heard much of his ability to fight. As a matter of fact, the average man along Main Street, whether that Main Street be known as Broadway, Michigan Avenue, Grand Avenue or Market Street knows little of the arts of boxing or wrestling. John W. Average Man places his faith in the "first punch," usually a round-house swing, and after that Allah be with the strong and valiant!

Not only is the average man ignorant of boxing, but the lower type of our professional fighter is densely ignorant of the finer points of his craft. Long experience in covering fights, good, bad and indifferent has taught the writer that our "pork and bean" boxers are horrible examples of fighting men of the athletic race.

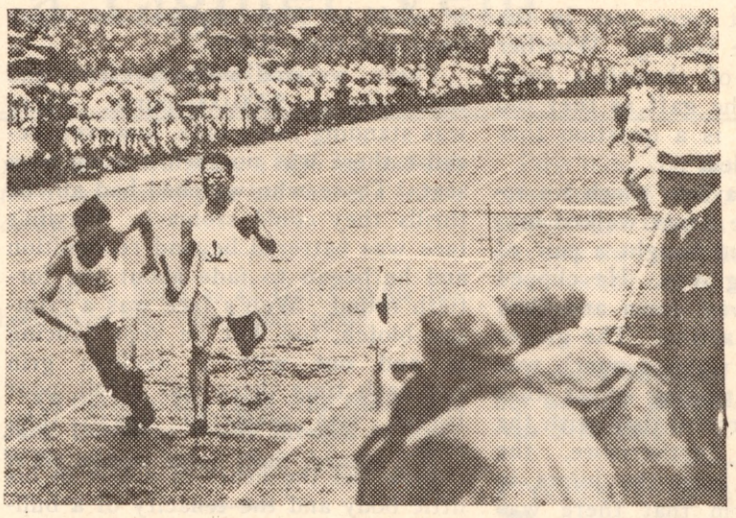
It is not the purpose of the writer to establish the superiority of jiu-jitsu over fighting as a means of self defence. My own idea is that jitsu will win a street fight much faster and more effectively than wild swings, but the reader is welcome to his own opinion. However, the statement is made, and we rest thereon, that the average Japanese school boy is better schooled in self defence as they understand the art over there than the American high school boy.

I have seen some of our high school boxing clubs, and I have seen elementary classes in jiu-jitsu in the temples at Kobe and Kyoto. I have attended jiu-jitsu classes at Waseda University, and make this statement without reservation. The average Japanese boy in classes over there, could whip the average American school lad in jig time, jitsu against boxing.

The college jitsu man could whip the college fighter, man for man and pound for pound. This is not because the Nipponese is fundamentally better than the white man. Not because the yellow race is more athletic than the white. But because every boy over there, or at least a larger proportion of the boys over there, are trained. They know what to do, and are ready.

Jiu-jitsu is now universally taught. The soldiers and sailors, which is another way of saying the whole nation, are required to go through long drills in jitsu, or judo as it now is called. The college boys are taught by experts hired for the purpose. Every student knows something of judo, and about fifteen per cent. of the student body may safely be termed highly proficient in the art.

While in Kobe the writer attended a meeting of a jiu-jitsu class. Prof. Kano, who two years ago demonstrated judo at the New York Athletic Club, was giving a special lecture that afternoon. Upon arriving at the school, held in an old temple, we were shooed away by a guard. However, showing a card, and making it plain that I wished to see Prof. Kano, I was admitted after some delay. Prof. Kano met me at the door and escorted me to a seat upon the stage. I was the only white man there—one of the few admitted to the temple under any pretext.



100,000 *persons watched the Japanese athletes compete in their "Olympic" games.*

There were more than five hundred Japanese in the temple, including about 75 boys in the conventional wrestling costume. After the demonstration by Dr. Kano and his assistants, one of whom was instructor in judo to the late Theodore Roosevelt, a number of bouts were held between the students.

Those contests were a revelation to me. First one couple grappled, and the winner was immediately matched with a second, and a third, and so on until he was overcome. The action was furious, and I thought of how some of our boxers would protest vigorously if they had to fight five or six bouts with only a minute or two to rest between contests.

The Japanese are going ahead quietly but resolutely training the youth of the nation in athletics and sports of all sorts. In native sports they stand second to none in the world. In adopting the sports of the Occident they are progressing at a rate which in ten years will enable them to challenge with fair chance of success. But regardless of whether they win high place or not, they are producing athletes and one does not have to be a champion to be an athlete.

Sport in China as we understand it, is unknown. The Chinaman has his own forms of diversion, and some that we heard of are far too strenuous and too dangerous to appeal to the average white man. We found the Chinese of the cities a lazy, indolent sort of citizen. The coolie was helpless. He never seemed to know what was going on, and seemed to care even less. Now don't get the idea that every Chinese comes under this heading. There are just as fine Chinese as there are white men, and the average Chinese is far more honest than a good many white men Just remember that.

While in Peking, we encountered an American who had just returned from a month's journey by donkey, wheel barrow and boat from the interior of China. While out there shooting some movie stunts, he was guarded by some of Chang Tso Ling's soldiers. Seems strange to be safeguarded by a bandit army, but just the same that is what happened.

Some of Chang's soldiers were marvellous swordsmen, and were expert in defending themselves with naked hands against sword attacks. When my American acquaintance heard this, he expressed some doubt as to the ability of a man to escape unscathed against an attack by those remarkable experts. At a command, one man, a giant in mould, stepped out, stripped down to a breech cloth,

(*Continued on page* 20)

When Skin-Tight Gloves Were Used

By FRANK O'CONNELL

THERE are not many fight fans around today, unless they are grizzled and gray, who can hark back to the kid glove days of boxing. This term in the present era, associated with politics, means the dude sections of the voting populace. The kid glove boxing era, though, was something entirely different. That was the time when the ring masters fought some of the bloodiest and, we must say, some of the most brutal battles that were ever staged inside the 24-foot square of ropes.

We see a lot of thrilling ring duels these days and there is a bit of gore spilled here and there, but modern officials would never stand for some of the things that were seen in the days of kid glove boxing. Whether the modern crop of champions could ever have stood the gaff as they did in the olden days is a question that never will be settled.

The kid glove days to which we refer were when the boxer walked into a haberdasher's and bought a pair of ordinary driving gloves. He clipped the fingers half way down and then he was ready for action. The gloves fitted tightly and when a punch was landed it had a ripping effect that was even more forceful than with the bare knuckles. Furthermore, the gloves served to keep the joints in such compact form that there was little danger of a broken hand.

There was a great little fighter in the days of the skin tight gloves who is now but a vague memory except to some of the real old timers. Ike Weir was the featherweight champion in his time and he was a regular champion. He marked the transition from the days of the skin tight glove fights to the padded fist.

Weir was one of the trickiest fighters that ever stepped into a ring. Those who had the good fortune to see this little combination of ghost and "gat" like to compare him to Abe Attell when the latter was in his prime. When Ike was in his apprentice days and for quite a long time afterwards, a fighter had to know quite a bit about wrestling, for one could get away with almost anything in the ring in that era except biting an opponent. Weir was just as fast as ever Attell was, but Abe was hardly the hitter that this little gamecock of a generation ago was.

Ike used to say that every fight in the days before the padded mitts came into fashion was a "bloody mess." Probably the bloodiest and one of the longest and greatest tests of gameness in the history of pugilism, was a 61-round affair between Weir and Jack Havlin, which ended in a draw. Even in those "raw meat" days there was a limit to slaughter. The fans finally became so sickened that they called for a halt.

This bout was fought in the open with the bare ground as the floor and the ropes of an eighteen-foot ring stretched around trees. If ever there was a tough battle of fists this was it. All the way along for forty rounds it was a see-saw affair. First it would be Weir who had the upper hand and then Havlin.

There weren't many present and there was no $200,000 purse. There was standing room only, however, because there was no such a thing as a seat. Those who watched had all the thrills they could stomach. Havlin's face was battered beyond recognition and he began to fade about the fortieth round. Weir's face was a crimson blotch, too, but he kept dancing in and out with a devilish grin and each time there was a lull, poor Havlin was plastered worse than ever.

Jack had the heart of a lion in his little body and the tenacity of a bulldog. He just wouldn't quit. In the forty-second round his right eye was closed and his left was a mere slit through which he could just peep.

Pretty things they used to do in the ring in those days. Havlin was taken back to his corner and his seconds produced an ordinary jack-knife and slit little spaces in his eyelids so that he could see to continue.

Ike had pounded away so hard at Jack's head that his hands began to give out on him and then he resorted to heeling with the butt of his hands. This is a particularly savage blow when it is applied by an artist.

Weir was not a very beautiful spectacle. Havlin was a great body puncher and he had pasted away at Ike's ribs until every one of them was clearly outlined in dripping blood.

On and on they fought like a pair of pit bull terriers and if there had been no one around they would probably have gone right through to the death of one or the other. If the thing had been decided on points it would have been Weir's fight, but neither the referee nor the crowd had the heart to declare such a game little fellow as Havlin a loser, therefore, the honors were called even.

In spite of the tight-fitting gloves it was found next day on examination by a physician that Weir had six knuckles and his nose broken and that nearly every one of his teeth had been knocked out. His face was puffed, a mass of battered flesh. Ike had the better of the bout, so you can imagine what condition Havlin was in.

They don't do it that way now and for that the fans are thankful. How anyone but the most brutal could enjoy such a spectacle is almost beyond belief.

BROWN MAN IN SPORTS

(*Continued from page* 19)

and a swordsman also stepped forth. The pair manouvred for a while, and the man with the rapier thrust. The other avoided the attack with a lithe movement of his body.

Again they faced each other. The rapier flashed in the air in a head attack. The naked man pulled his head, as a boxer pulls his head, and in a trice disarmed his opponent. Men with lances next were sent against this naked wraithman, but although they thrust and cut, not once did they harm him. At the word of Chang Tso Ling, the naked warrior manoeuvred quickly, and taking a death hold on the lance man, might have cracked his neck, but for an order from the chief.

Following the swords play, there were exhibitions of running and leaping. Without a stop watch, timing dashes was futile. Furthermore, distances were not accurate. But my American informed me that some of the Chinamen jumped at least 7 feet in the running high jump, and hurled themselves great distances through the air in the broad jump. Trained by competent men, these descendants of the ancient Tartars might win some Olympic games in the future.

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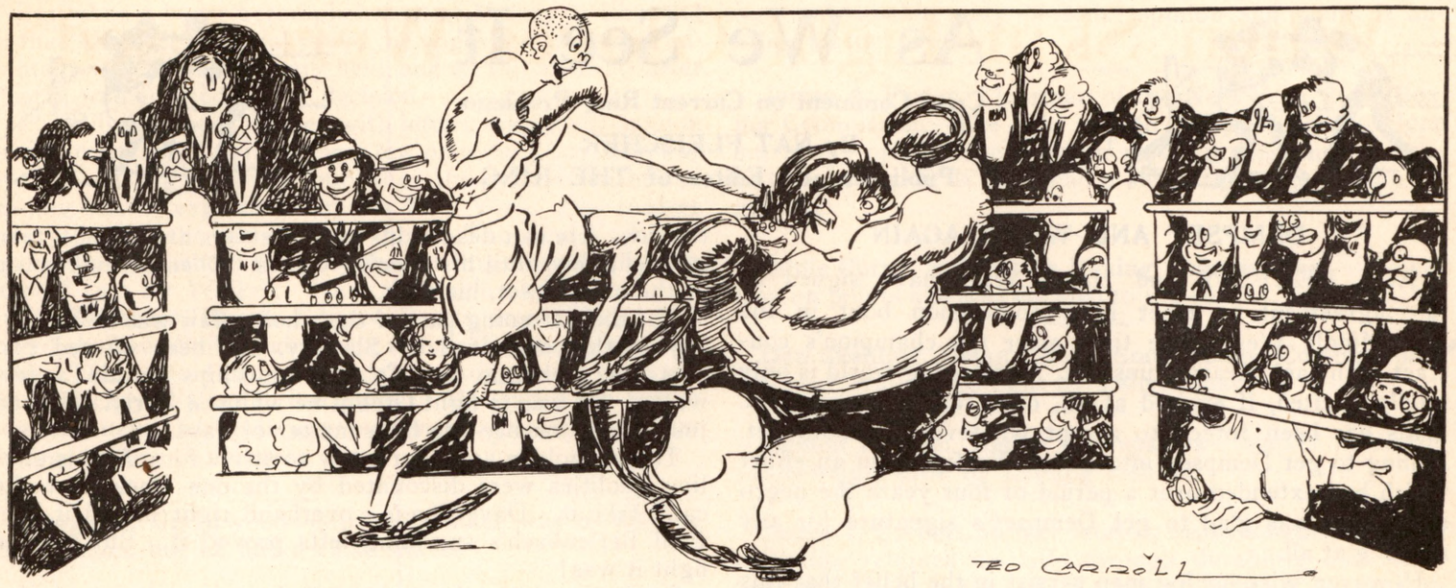


In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL

BOXING decisions in New York are like some wives. You can't live without 'em—but then you can't live with 'em.

However, the present system is preferable to the old one in which official decisions were barred. Boxing isn't the real thing unless there is a verdict by the referee or designated judges and if it can't live under that scheme of things it should not live at all.

Why all the hullabaloo over giving Mickey Walker the decision over Dave Shade? By no stretch of the imagination could Shade have claimed better than a draw. As a matter of fact it was a bonehead play by the judges not to have called it a draw, for that verdict would have silenced all the bickerers.

Walker spoiled all his good work in the bout with Shade by his attitude after the contest. "See Doc," he told the newspaper boys, referring to Jack Kearns, his perfumed manager.

Have a Care, Mickey!

MICKEY WALKER owes the boxing writers a debt which he never can pay. His attitude since changing managers threatens to convert one of the best liked men in the ring into a unbearable wearer of the "high hat."

Have a care, Mickey! A sock on the jaw has toppled many a high hat and left the wearer wishing he had chosen a brown derby.

Well, it looks as if Harry Wills has been given the "runaround" again.

All those in the class who think that Jack Dempsey really intends to fight Wills please raise their hands.

This class seems to have no dumb-bells. It has the right dope on Jack and his challenger. The betting is 20 to 1 that they never will meet. Wills may go down in ring history as another Peter Jackson.

COMPARED to the average referee nowadays the bush league baseball umpire lives the life of a bear in hibernation.

Johnny Dundee provided a good laugh recently. Johnny came forward with the statement that he was about to reclaim the world's featherweight title. He admitted that he had turned in the championship to the New York Commission, but insisted that he had resigned only the American half of the laurels.

Dundee handed in any and all featherweight titles he possessed and Kaplan now is recognized as the world's champion, by edict of the International Boxing Union.

First thing you know Jess Willard will come forward and reclaim the world's heavyweight title on the ground that it was only the American championship that was knocked out of him by Dempsey at Toledo.

Tommy Milligan is a canny Scot, but he isna' stingy—with his punches. Ask Schlaiffer!

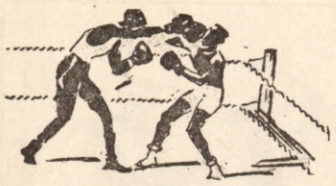
SCIENTISTS in America have an opportunity to examine a real perpetual motion machine. His name is Vinez, and he hails from France, where he holds the lightweight title.

Vinez has fought four hundred and sixteen fights—count 'em, gentlemen—four hundred and sixteen fights and he never has been taken. Only once has he been floored.

A Bad Place, Monsieur!

LUCIEN has come to a bad place with that record—a bad place. Let him ask Mons. Mascart, featherweight champion of France, who found the going exceedingly rough on this side. Incidentally, Mons. Mascart has come back for more fun—and he'll get it!

After suffering fourteen knockouts in a row Marcel Niles, the French heavyweight, retired to a farm. After a spell he returned to the ring and knocked out Jack Taylor, a negro who had been avoided by the best heavies—such as they are—over on the other side.

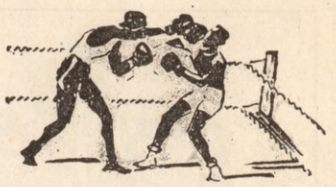


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

Publisher and Editor of THE RING



DEMPSEY AND WILLS AGAIN

JACK DEMPSEY and Harry Wills have signed an agreement to meet in a no-decision bout in the Middle West some time after the champion's contract with Jack Kearns runs out. The boxing world is only mildly excited, if excited at all, over this announcement. Wills has been forced to accept whatever he could get. Failing to get Dempsey into a New York ring in an effort which had extended over a period of four years the negro challenger was glad to get Dempsey's signature for any meeting at all.

However, wise boxing men persist in the belief that this bout never will be fought. They insist that Dempsey has no intention of meeting Wills or any other capable boxer—that the signing with the negro is a press stunt calculated to keep Jack in the limelight while he picks up easy money "fighting" boxers of the calibre of Martin Burke and lesser lights of the Pumpkin Circuit.

The boxing world isn't excited over Dempsey's move for the following reasons:

1—The match has been made for Indiana, where boxing is not legalized by state law. There is talk of shifting to Michigan where there is a boxing law, but this is not definite.

2—The match has been made with the understanding that it is to be fought in a state where no referee's or judges' decision is possible.

3—The match has been made for too remote and indefinite a time.

4—The affair is beclouded with legal barrages which may be hurled at it from the direction of New York, where Kearns and Tex Rickard threaten to force Dempsey to keep his tentative agreement with the New York promoter.

As a result of conditions brought about by these facts a Dempsey-Wills fight is as far off as ever—in spite of the drama of the signing papers in the office of a Niles, Mich., oculist. The oculist himself, with all his aids, will have trouble in seeing a real match in the offing.

A Bursting Bubble

A PRETTY bout to look upon but a said affair in retrospect. That sums up the outward manifestations of the world championship clash between Paul Berlenbach and Jimmy Slattery at the Yankee Stadium last month. An interesting spectacle, in that a youth with almost everything a fighter needs, met a champion with only a couple of assets but with those two features raised to a high degree of efficiency. Slattery, with the world at his feet, a master boxer, game to the core of him, intelligent and with every incentive to win, failed because he had a conspicuous fault. Berlenbach, the champion, won because he had no damning shortcoming and two very puissant assets.

Slattery's fault lay in his physical inability to take a punch and retain his mental balance. He was willing to trade fisticuffs with the slugging Paul but the flesh was weak. He learned the lesson that one can toughen almost everything but the jaw. Berlenbach can hit devastating punches. He hurts when he lands on the forearm, let alone the jaw. He can deaden his nerve centers and take it, take it indefinitely until his opening comes. Then he makes use of the other asset, his sock.

The disheartening part of the whole affair was that glowing youth, personified by Slattery, had been offered two shots at authentic world's championships within a few weeks. He was to fight Greb if he whipped Berly. He had just turned twenty-one by a matter of days.

Truly a golden apple for a boy to strive for. All his sterling qualities were discounted by the one black spot—he can't take it. Dave Shade's overhand right hinted it, and Paul Berlenbach's smashing lefts proved it. But what a fight it was!

It will be many a day before another young boxer obtains two chances at world's championships within a period of less than three months. Dave Shade had to wait three years before he could get a crack at the welterweight crown and failed only by a nose.

* * * * *

The Shade-Walker Decision

NOT in many a day was there so much ado over a decision in a fight for the title in one of the heavier divisions as there was over the Mickey Walker-Dave Shade verdict in New York recently. Walker got the decision—and rightfully so. He earned it by his combativeness, his cleverness and his hitting power. Fights are not won with gestures.

The decision against Shade was greeted by many followers of boxing and by many boxing writers as an injustice to the challenger. This hullabaloo accentuated the tremendous desire to see champions toppled which has developed in recent years.

If there is any doubt as to the winner a certain coterie wants that doubt to redound to the benefit of the challenger. "Beat the champion at all costs" seems to be the slogan in certain quarters.

Is a championship worth nothing? Is the labor which a champion must expend,—the unceasing effort he must put forth to rise to the pinnacle in his class, worth nothing? Is a title holder to be toppled by a whim and dethroned by a doubtful decision?

There was a tradition in the ring in the old days that a champion was entitled to a certain leeway—a little courtesy in the event his fight was very close. It is to be deplored that this tradition is well nigh dead.

* * * * *

WE, with thousands of others, were among those present at the Shade-Walker fight and it is our humble opinion that the decision in favor of Mickey Walker was a just one. True, Mickey had to work as he never did before and he retained his crown by the skin of his teeth, yet he gained the verdict and nothing that happened in this great battle could have deprived Mickey of his reward.

The writer, for one, does not judge a contest solely by the total number of rounds each contestant gains. Where each of the boxers has the same number in his favor, one must weigh thoroughly who was the aggressor, who was the heavier hitter, who absorbed most of the punishment, who did most of the missing, who failed more often to obey the orders of the referee and still several other important points, and on this basis, at the end of the fourteenth round Shade had only a shade on Walker despite the fact each up to this point, according to our system of judging, had six rounds with two even.

But when a boxer accomplishes what Mickey Walker did in that fifteenth and final round, he wipes out the small advantage which his adversary held, and on this basis, Walker clearly was entitled to the decision.

The Ring has been flooded with letters asking our opinion on this contest. To give them a few opinions other than our own, The Ring herewith publishes the statements of the leading boxing experts in Greater New York. Our readers may judge for themselves from these. The New York Telegram staff, of whom the publisher of this magazine is one, stood 7 to 1 for Walker. Their statements follow:

Nat Fleischer, Sports Editor—Points scored up to last round showed Walker taking six rounds, Shade six and two even. Final round proved Shade's undoing and clearly entitled Mickey Walker to the verdict. He landed the harder punches, never let up in aggressiveness and gained a clear margin on his challenger.

George B. Underwood—Mickey Walker was entitled to the decision, but he had a close shave.

Ed Hughes—Shade had a slight lead going into the fifteenth round, but Walker clearly wiped this out in last session and left no doubt as to the justice of the judges' and referee's decision.

Francis Albertanti—Shade's uphill battle after being whipped in the first seven rounds entitled him to the verdict. Shade won. There is no doubt about it.

Daniel—Walker won without question. His aggressiveness, his punishing blows in the early rounds, his terrific, whirlwind finish, during which he almost had Shade out, earned for him the honors. The decision could not have been otherwise without doing a great injustice to the champion.

William Wathey—There was no doubt about the justice of the verdict. Walker won eight of the fifteen rounds and only by a knockout could Shade have won.

B. G. Fitzgibbon—The bout was an even affair going into the fifteenth round. Walker's great finish clearly entitled him to the decision.

Pat Robinson—Walker won through harder, more damaging punches and his whirlwind finish. A draw was the best Shade could have hoped for.

Other New York authorities, including Boxing Commissioners, had the following to say:

Tex Rickard, promoter—I think the verdict was quite just. Shade put up a wonderful battle and would have won had he displayed the same brand of fighting in the fifteenth round as he did in the rest of the contest.

William Muldoon, former chairman New York Boxing Commission—Personally I thought that Shade was having just a bit the better of it but my opinion does not count in this case any more than yours. We named the men to decide. They decided. It doesn't make a particle of difference what the public thinks. The public can't scare us. We know what we're doing. If Casey bets $2 on Shade and loses, he can howl as much as he pleases. The men we put in there have our utmost confidence. They decided as they thought and we stand by them. They can't budge us on this. Kelly voted for Shade, Haley and Nugent voted for Walker. That's a difference of opinion but it stands two to one and we stand behind that decision. You can't put that too strongly. We know what we are doing. We put those men in there because we know they are honest, fearless and capable. My personal opinion and yours is another matter entirely.

James A. Farley, Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission—The fight was an exceptionally close one but in my opinion the decision was a proper one. I honestly believe that Walker had a shade the better of the argument.

Eddie Curry, N. Y. State Boxing Commissioner—Walker won on points and was entitled to the verdict.

Dan Skeilling, Deputy N. Y. State Boxing Commissioner—I gave Walker the fight by a slight margin.

Damon Runyon, Hearst Newspapers—Walker holds the welterweight title by bulldog fashion.

James J. Corbett, former world's heavyweight champion—Walker retained his title through durability and sheer bulldog courage in the face of a blistering fire of blows from Shade during the last ten rounds.

Sam Hall, N. Y. American—I figured that Dave Shade won the fight. It was the toughest, roughest, classiest fight I have seen since I watched Stanley Ketchel battle Billy Papke in 1908.

James J. Wood, Brooklyn Citizen—In our humble opinion but honest estimate, Shade should have been declared the winner and new champion.

Bill Vreeland, Brooklyn Eagle—Shade had an advantage on points up to the fifteenth round. Walker's last round rally won for him.

Jack Kofoed, New York Evening Post—To my mind there was no doubt that the king of the 147-pounders won, and won by a good margin. He took eight of the rounds, to four for Shade and three even. In the final three minutes he hammered the game Californian around the ring at will, shattering him with wallops to head and body, and it was only by holding on like grim death that Dave lasted through to the final bell.

Grantland Rice, New York Herald Tribune—It was the closest call that any champion ever had, and but for that final wild charge, the charge of a wounded wildcat, Dave Shade today would be the new welterweight champion of the world.

Sid Mercer, Evening Journal—Dave Shade bobbed, ducked, jabbed, hooked and bowed his way into the welterweight championship last night at the Yankee Stadium, but was bowed out again when a consensus of opinion by the referee and two judges named champion Mickey Walker as the winner.

It was one of those decisions they pull out of a hat.

Harry Newman, Daily News—I gave Shade eight of the fifteen rounds. Five I credited to Walker and two I called even.

There is not any doubt in my mind that that Garrison finish staged by Walker in that closing inning had all to do with influencing the judges in his behalf. It was a disappointing picture for the Shade boosters to see him go dead.

To sustain my opinion of the result of the fight to a slight degree, I must mention the fact that George Kelly, one of the judges, gave his vote to Shade, while Dick Nugent, the other judge, and Patsy Haley, the referee, voted in favor of Walker.

(*Continued on page 25*)

MY FAVORITE FIGHTERS—Continued from page 11

with fistics. He has always been a cautious business man, and when he finally lost his title to Gene Criqui, and quit the ring, had a splendid fortune and an unblemished body. He was a fine ring general and a punishing hitter, though a bit too cautious in making matches. When he did go into battle, he was a man worth watching.

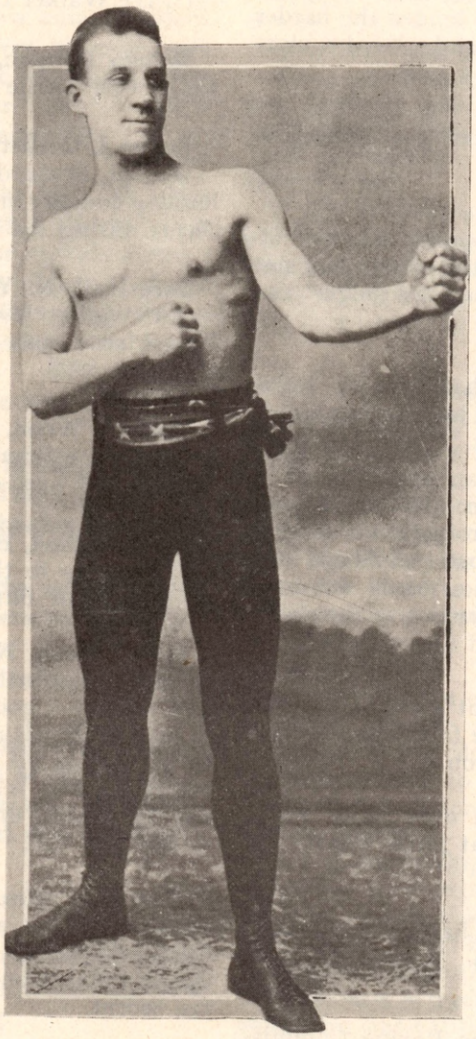
Kid Lavigne was the direct opposite to Kilbane. He was a tough, smashing fighter, one of the great lightweights of all time. His bout with Joe Walcott was a classic. The Demon had slashed him to ribbons. The Kid's ear was literally hanging by a thread. He was bathed in blood. Yet he kept going, and eventually defeated Old Black Joe. Lavigne was always ready to fight. The lust of combat was in his blood. No one could overlook him.

George Chaney, as you may have noticed in other articles, has always held a high place in my esteem. He lacked speed, and was no glutton for punishment, but his terrible punching power makes him the most dangerous man in his class. When you go to see a bout in which Chaney is a participant you are sure of action. Few men have the native ability to keep him away, and no man of his weight can stand up and slug on even terms with him. The only man I ever saw who took Chaney's hardest blows without going down was Jimmy Hanlon, and Hanlon was almost as inhuman as Battling Nelson when it came to sopping up punishment.

JIM JEFFRIES was the strongest of all the heavyweights, and one of the most terriffic hitters. It was a sight to see his huge, hairy body advancing in his famous crouch. It was an even greater one to see his frightful left hook shoot to the mark. When I think of the enormous, sullen fellow, I try to forget him as he was against Jack Johnson—a burned out shell of his former greatness. With the possible exceptions of John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson he was the most formidable man that ever stepped into the ring.

Bombardier Wells, the handsome Briton, will never be rated among the stars. He was good looking and intelligent, a showman of parts, and a brilliant, skillful boxer. Wells could hit, too, as his long record of knockouts showed, but he was far too weak in the body to stand up under heavy punishment. It was not a lack of courage, but a lack of vitality. Still, he was a most interesting man to watch, and one of the most creditable that ever graced his profession.

Honey Bill Mellody, who ranks with Walker and Walcott among the great welterweight champions, was a most vitally interesting boy to watch in action. He was in the star bout at Butte the night that Ketchel made his debut against Sid La Fontise in a preliminary. Billy always was a treat to see in action. A great fighter, and a colorful one.



Tommy Ryan

Joe Gans, the "Old Master" and Joe Walcott, are two colored fighters on my list. Gans was the smoothest, most perfect bit of fighting machinery that ever graced the ring. In private life he was a cool gambler, who would risk his entire fortune on a fling of the dice, but when he was working at his trade he was no gambler. He did not have to be. He could "slip" a punch with his head better than anyone save Young Griffo. It was a treat to see his slim, dark body—the very epitome of grace—in action.

Walcott, short and chunky, with arms like an ape's, an atom compared with the giants he fought and whipped, was probably, inch by inch, the greatest of all fighters. One's sympathy always goes out to the little man when he fights a big one, and since the Barbadoes Demon stood only a little over five feet, and seldom scaled more than one hundred and fifty pounds when he fought the six-footers you just had to admire him. He was a fine hitter and an awfully hard man to crack in return.

Aurelia Herrera winds up the list. The Mexican was the George Chaney of his day, probably the greatest right hand hitter ever to decorate the lightweight ranks. His idiosyncrasies of training on black cigars and whisky attracted a lot of attention, but his tremendous thumping in the ring captured even more.

Here is the list. You can't quarrel with it, for it is entirely a personal one. It isn't a list of the greatest fighters that ever lived—though some of the greatest are in it—but the ones most popular with me.

How do you like it?

MY HARDEST FIGHT

(*Continued from page* 17)

doing the same. The customers were standing up, yelling like madmen. I certainly wished I was out there with them, viewing, instead of furnishing, the entertainment!

I grabbed the decision, but I don't mind telling you that I was surprised.

Later I met Martin again—on February 5, 1925, at the Rink, in Brooklyn.

That was the fight which had the unfortunate ending — when Martin went to the hospital. I honestly believe that I won by a clean knockout. though Martin and his friends thought I had fouled him.

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AS WE SEE IT—EDITORIAL COMMENT —Continued from page 23

Hype Igoe, Morning World—Walker pulled the crowd out of the fire by the skin of his teeth. The decision was booed by perhaps more than applauded it. In fact, before the announcement was made, there were bets made at 5 to 1 that Shade would get the decision, for it seemed to be the opinion that a draw was the worst the California boy could get.

Jimmy Dawson, The Times—Walker carried off the decision of Judges Kelly and Dick Nugent and Referee Patsy Haley when the final bell clanged on the contest, and the verdict was eminently fair.

He carried the fighting to Shade for the greater part of the battle, took everything Shade had in the infrequent rallies of fighting in which the challenger took the offensive and landed by far the most telling as well as the most blows.

William Jennings, The Graphic—While the verdict did not please the entire gathering, and the fans seemed evenly divided in their opinion as to the winner, the writer, who favored Shade to win, gave Walker seven rounds, Shade five and three even.

Frank O'Neil, Evening Journal—As this writer scored the battle Walker was entitled to four rounds and gained an even break in two. He took the fourth, the sixth and seventh, and his smashing, battering rally in the fifteenth, when he crossed a right flush on the chin and reduced Shade to seeming helplessness, swayed the balance in his favor.

Ed Van Every, Evening World—There will be argument over the decision in favor of the champion. But that the decision given by Judges George Kelly and Dick Nugent and Referee Patsy Haley was the only one that could have been rendered is the opinion of the writer, and the general opinion seems to be that it was well deserved.

Paul Gallico, sporting editor, the Daily News, New York—Although I heartily supported Dave Shade for election to the world's welterweight championship, I believe he was beaten by Mickey Walker, the present incumbent. Walker's great fifteenth round rally was quite sufficient to settle all possible doubts.

Col. Jacob Ruppert, President New York Yankees—I was disappointed in Walker. Shade it seemed to me, outboxed him and the fifteenth-round rally, while thrilling, was not enough to turn the tide.

Harrison Fisher, Artist—Shade should have had the decision and should now be the champion. The judges apparently decided the battle on one round instead of fifteen.

H. H. Frazee, Theatre Owner and Promoter of the Willard-Johnson Fight—A draw would have been a popular decision, but if one had to be given to either man I think that Shade was entitled to it.

Edward G. Barrow, Business Manager of the Yankees—The decision seemed to shock the crowd. I thought that Shade had a lead up to the last round.

Lawrence Waterbury, member of the one-time famous "Big Four" in polo—"It was a good decision. When it looked as if Shade would not last another thirty seconds as the final bell rang the very worst Walker could have had was a draw.

John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants—"Walker's early lead and whirlwind finish made the decision a fair one. Shade made a good fight and I was rooting for him to get a draw."

In the Realm of the News

SOME persons never know when they have had enough. Ofttimes, especially in the field of fistiana, spectators are treated to the pitiful sight of a former champion, aged in spirit and in limbs though still young in years, attempting what is ordinarily termed a "comeback." These "comebacks" invariably mean nothing more than an attempt on the part of the fighter to add just a little more to the money he earned when he ruled his division and in addition, take a sad beating.

We refer to the knockout of Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantam king by Johnny Breslin in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round bout at Bayonne last month. The former great little fighter never had a look in. He was battered from pillar to post.

When a boxer who has held a title continues in the ring long after his days of usefulness are gone, he becomes an object of sympathy and his great deeds of the past soon are lost in the memory of the miserable showing of the present. The Johnny Buffs, of the present era of fighting, like the Jim Jeffries of the past, should realize that they can go just so far and no further and should refrain from imposing on the public.

* * *

Tunney Gains Added Prestige

THE decisive defeat of Bartley Madden by Gene Tunney in Minneapolis, has sent the stock of Tunney a-soaring. Madden's knockout in the third round establishes Gene as a leading contender for Dempsey's crown. It will be remembered that Madden stood before a terrific onslaught in the fight with Wills who was unable to score a knockout, yet Tunney turned the trick in three rounds. Gene's knockout of both Madden and Tom Gibbons is a worthy feat.

* * *

No Reason for Such Action

THE action of the New York State Boxing Commission in again announcing its determination not to recognize Fidel La Barba as the American flyweight champion, is not taken seriously in fistic circles. We have considerable respect for the august boxing commissioners of New York.

State—Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower—men of high learning, high standing in the community, men of keen judgment and above all as honest a body as ever ruled over any branch of sports, but we must differ with them on the recognition of La Barba.

True, the New York State Board does not permit boys under 21 years of age to engage in bouts of more than six rounds, but when a fighter clashes with another, a champion, and wins the decision either through the ruling of judges and referee officially appointed under the law governing boxing in the state where the bout took place, or through a knockout, there is no ruling in the world by any body of men that rightfully can deprive the champion's conqueror from his earned laurels. La Barba made the weight limit of his class, agreed to the terms of the champion in arranging for the fight with Genaro, recognized title holder at that time in the flyweight division, and beat Genaro. By this verdict La Barba won the championship and no bickering will suffice to take it from him until he is whipped in the ring.

It would be folly to arrange a championship elimination tournament and ask La Barba to compete. Why should he?

* * *

Seeman Coming to the Fore

Solly Seeman, former holder of the Coast junior lightweight crown, is coming to the fore rapidly. Under the able tutoring of Ike Dorgan, Solly has come up from a second rater to a top notcher in one year. He ranks among the first three in the lightweight division and before another year elapses, Solly will probably be the ruler of his class.

Boxing in Europe

By WILLIAM H. ("SPARROW") ROBERTSON

Paris, Oct. 1.—(Special Correspondence of the Ring.)—The French fall and winter boxing season opened officially at the Salle Wagram, with a bout between Lucien Vinez, the European lightweight champion, and the Holland title holder, Van Vliet. The bout went the limit of twenty rounds and the decision went to Vinez on points. That fight made the 416th, for the Frenchman since he started his ring career eleven years ago, and it was also his 416th victory. Vinez is the recognized lightweight champion in all countries in Europe with the exception of England.

The British Boxing Board of Control does not belong to the International Boxing Union and it claims the title for Harry Mason, notwithstanding the fact that Mason was defeated by Vinez a few months ago. The Frenchman expects to make a trip to the States in the near future to take a crack at some of the men at his poundage on your side of the water.

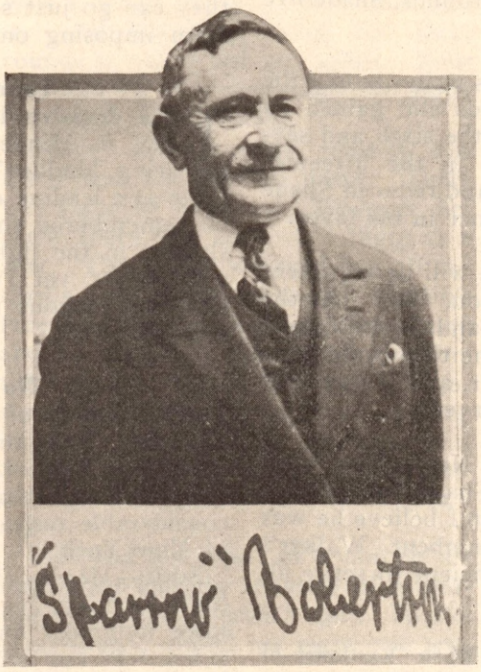
Frank Moran, the former heavyweight fighter, who now runs a "swell" tailor shop in London has been in Paris considerable recently and he is endeavoring to have the prize money of the fight which he had against Jack Johnson, in Paris some years ago, which has since been tied up by injunction, released. He expects that his share will be forthcoming shortly.

England Excited Over Scott

ENGLISH fight fans were quite well pleased with the showing that their heavyweight champion, Phil Scott, made when he met and defeated three men in one week. The first of the trio was Jack Stanley, who was put away in a couple of rounds. Two nights later he met Tom Berry and at the end of the fifteen rounds he had the decision easily on points. Three nights later he outpointed Gipsy Daniels, who is a fairly good fighter.

Although not one of the three could be classed better than a second or third rater when compared with American battlers, it demonstrated the fact that Scott is not afraid, as most fighters are, of risking a title.

A week later Scott met the Spanish heavyweight champion Paolino, in a scheduled fifteen round fight held in the bull ring at Bilbao, Spain. Scott was knocked out in the sixth round by a stiff left hander to the pit of the stomach. The manager of Scott claimed that the blow was foul, but Georges Carpentier, who was the referee, said no, and he was backed up by those close to the ring side.



To many the fight had a queer aspect. General Descamps who is now the manager of the Spanish champion is also the manager of Georges, who was referee. There is one thing that can be said of Carpentier however and that is he is absolutely on the level. He was stuck in as referee as a drawing card, he still is a tremendous favorite with the European fight fans.

All Afraid of Taylor

THE European heavyweights all appear to be afraid of the American colored fighter, Jack Taylor, who has been in France for the past year. The latest one to run out on the making of a match with Taylor is Camarao, the Portuguese giant, who weighs 250 pounds and stands 6 feet 4½ inches. He refused to take on Taylor for a bout last month although he would have an advantage of sixty pounds in weight. Taylor does not care about poundage. All fighters look alike to him.

It is the same way with Paolino, the Spanish titleholder, Taylor repeatedly has endeavored to get a match with the Spanish champion, but Descamps has seen this black boy wallop a few, and he does not care to take a chance of having his latest meal-ticket being punched full of holes. I have my doubts about Taylor being able to beat Paolino, but he would give the Spanish champion the hardest fight he has had. Descamps figures on taking Paolino to the States so he wants to play safe regarding Taylor.

"CAMARAO," the giant of Portugal, had a fight at Oporto, against the Belgium heavyweight champion Jack Humbeeck. It was a ten round affair and after what was described as being nothing more or less than a hugging match the decision went to the Portuguese. A friend of mine who was at the ring side informed me that the fight was an awful bloomer and that there were not a half a dozen good blows struck in the ten rounds.

Berg May Be Champion

IN England there is a featherweight named Berg, of Stepney, who is looked upon as a coming champion. In a bout recently held at the Premierland, in London, he stopped Norman Radford, of Barnsley, in the fourteenth of a scheduled fifteen round fight. Radford is the youngster that Johnny Curley, the belt holder, could get no better than a draw in a bout fought a short time ago.

Pierre Charles, a Belgium heavyweight, who has quite a reputation in his own little country, fought for part of a round against a newcomer in the heavyweight class of England, by the name of Dickie Powers, at an.

(*Continued on page 27*)

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BOXING IN EUROPE—Continued from page 26

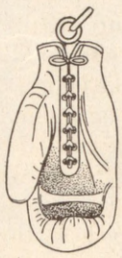
entertainment held at "The Ring" in London. Powers, as the say in England, has a fine "dig" in his right hand, and on several occasions during the first two minutes he dug it in deep to the torso of the Belgian, the last dig sent the big "Belge" down for the count before the end of the first section.

IN a bout held at "The Ring" of London, on September 14, between Ernie Izzard, the former lightweight champion of England, and Harry Dupont of Belgium, the latter was disqualified in the sixth round for hitting low. The blow to all accounts was obviously accidental.

It came about while the two were at close quarters against the ropes when the Belgian was trying to break through the defense of Izzard's, he dropped the right very low and bringing it up it hit a hard one below the belt line which laid Izzard low, and Dupont immediately was disqualified.

Izzard, the English lad who lost the title to Harry Mason last June in a bout at Holland Park, under the auspices of the National Sporting Club of London, is very anxious to get a return match with Mason, but that is very doubtful, as the latter has taken on considerable weight since winning the title and is now fighting in the welterweight class. If Izzard should regain the title it will probably be by going through an elimination tournament.

We had considerable excitement here yesterday when Marcel Nilles, who had been knocked out fourteen times in a row, hung the "kayo" sign on Jack Taylor, the negro. Taylor had made quite a reputation and all the good ones had been giving him a wide berth. Paolino would have none of him as General Descamps would not let the Basque battle the black. But along came old Nilles, a has-been, and put Taylor down for the full count.



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The Parents' Role in a Fighter's Career

By TIM McGRATH

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WHEN Benny Leonard recently announced his retirement from the ring and gave as a reason the fact that his mother had become ill worrying during the course of Benny's training, there were many incredulous persons who scoffed at Leonard's explanation for quitting so lucrative a field. There were still others who wrote columns upon columns of the sob stuff because of this unusual procedure on the part of a champion who still had within his grasp the making of a million dollars but would rather quit than further injure the health of his dear mother.

Mrs. Leonard, for whom I have the greatest respect, adores her son just as her dear boy, the undefeated, retired world's lightweight champion adores her. This wonderful filial attachment is one which commands the respect of the world, yet there are thousands of lovers of boxing who wonder if it would not have been possible for the great and mighty Benny Leonard to continue in the ring in which he was a tremendous asset and influence for good, had Mrs. Leonard been able to follow her son's career and activities as did the mother and father of other world champions and near champions.

About three years ago, when I was engaged in writing my reminiscences for a Coast paper, I received a letter from an ardent reader, asking me if Jim Jeffries' father, who was a preacher, objected to his son engaging in the fight game. My answer was in the affirmative.

PA JEFFRIES was very much opposed to Jim making a living through boxing. I well remember how just before Jeffries fought Gus Ruhlin, Pa Jeffries, who was at this time in Europe as a missionary, became so irritated by the reports regarding his son's training, that he wrote a letter to the newspapers of this country in which, although he took a slap at the sport, he defended the good name of the family.

In this letter the elder Jeffries stated that, though he deplored the "profession" of his son, he hoped, so long as he was in it, he would be successful. He stated, too, that he was confident his son would win decisively from "Mr. Ruhlin." I always knew, though, that "Pa" Jeffries was very proud of his champion son, for invariably in his speeches, which were usually delivered at street corners, he made reference to "James Jeffries." It was noticeable, too, however, that he never mentioned the fact that he was the father of the champion.

I happened to know, too, the mother of Jeffries. She was a grand woman and had great faith in Jim.

She had so much faith in him that she never sat up late at night to hear the results of his fights. She took it lived in Los Angeles, and the night of the Jeffries-Ruhlin fight some friends asked the elderly Mrs. Jeffries if she would like to go downtown with them and read the bulletins of the fight.

"No," she replied. "I know how it will end. I will go to bed, get my sleep, and then in the morning at breakfast I will have the telegram that Jim will send me."

The newspaper men, of course, all went out to the Jeffries home for interviews, and Mrs. Jeffries said to them:

"Boys, please don't ask me what I think. I don't know anything about fighting. I haven't the least idea what round the fight will end in. I can't even tell you what a round is. But I know Jim will win—he's so strong."

SOME fighters have firm ideas about their folks and their fights. Willie Ritchie, for instance, would never permit his father to attend one of his fights.

If Willie had his say he would also have barred his brothers. But, of course, he couldn't do that, though he did bar them from his corner.

Willie maintained, and rightfully so, that in the heat and excitement of a fight a relative in his corner might do something that would be detrimental to him.

That doesn't always work out that way. I've known men who seconded their own brothers, and, in some instances, their own sons, and who were just as calculative and cold-blooded as any outside person could possibly be.

I may mention the Sullivan twins, Jack and Mike, as good examples of cold-bloodedness.

When Mike was fighting, Jack was usually behind him, and when Jack was fighting Mike could usually be found in his corner.

But both were fighters, and good ones, almost world's champions, and their natural training kept them from becoming unduly excited and doing something rash or foolish.

JIM NEIL always seconded his son, Frankie, and while Jim was a capable second, and I can't say that I ever knew him to do anything really foolish, he was inclined to become excited, and if anybody crossed him while he was seconding his son, Jim was pretty apt to give the offender a clip on the chin.

I have known any number of fighters whose folks objected to the business they were in.

But I've never known a fighter whose folks wanted to see him have hard luck because he was a fighter.

The father of Tom Sharkey was always telling people that there were dozens of men in Ireland who could whip Tom with one hand. But had any person said that to Pa Sharkey, the populace would have been treated to a Donnybrook. Oftimes Pa Sharkey was ready to fight the man who pointed with scorn at Tom's ability.

Jim Corbett

(*Continued from page* 4)

hitter, a clever boxer and certainly a game man. He is never beaten. I think that Walker would have stood out in any period of our boxing history."

"I can't get over-excited over the little men of our present ring crop," went on Gentleman Jim. "In the first place I don't see so many of the fights between the smaller boxers. Then again, I saw Dixon and McGovern in their prime and let me say that they left indelible impressions."

Pugilistic Rhyme

THE SHEEP CALLED BLACK

By H. C. VAN BUSKIRK

HE was a son of noble birth,
Born of a British Earl,
But he brought red shame to the family name,
When he loved a servant girl.

HIS father sent him to a distant Isle,
To start his life anew,
And there in that land, a remittance man,
He was known as Buck Ballew.

FOR a year he traded Copra,
On an Isle near old Papeete,
And then, one day, he sailed away,
And quit the bugs and heat.

ON a clipper ship he sailed the seas,
A seaman 'fore the mast.
From far Bombay to old Cape May,
He sailed, then quit at last.

A STEVEDORE then, on a Brooklyn dock,
His hardening muscles grew,
In a dockyard fight all feared his might,
The fists of Buck Ballew.

THEN came the thund'ring, Hellish War,
In Flanders, 'cross the sea,
And in that strife he risked his life,
To save Democracy.

HE drifted to the prize ring then,
And learned the five ounce mitts,
With a cheery grin he buckled in,
And used his keen, sharp wits.

IN a Harlem Club he started out,
And made his ring debut,
His slashing right soon won the fight,
The fans all cheered Ballew.

LIKE a meteor-flash, on a starlit night,
Ballew crashed into Fame,
And this was the lad, disowned by his Dad,
A disgrace to the family name.

BALLEW held fast to his winning streak,
His "roll" was growing fast,
The Champ, McQuinn, at length gave in,
And a bout was signed at last.

A BODY lithe and a wicked punch,
Combined to win the fight,
McQuinn went down and the title crown,
Changed heads that fateful night.

AS a Champ, Ballew was a huge success,
Society made him a fad,
But the son of the Earl still thought of a girl,
His home, old friends, and Dad.

THE MAN WHO WINS

By NORMAN DALY

THE fighter who wins is an average man—
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blessed with any peculiar luck—
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.
When in the ring he starts off right—
Tears right in to win the fight.

WHEN against a man the rest couldn't "do"
He fights like hell—he's never through.
For the man who wins is the man who works;
Who neither strain nor labor shirks.
He uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
He's the man who wins for he's the man who tries.

PUGILISTIC POEMS

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

(*In the New York Evening Journal*)

THERE was a fierce fighter named Reading,
Who was fiercer than hornets when leading.
But when handed one hook
He would get the pained look
Of a gent who's arrested for speeding!

II.

A FIGHTER who fought for small purses
Would pursue a whipped rival with curses,
But when given one sock
On the body or block,
He would yell for a Doc and two nurses!

GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE PAST
JOHN L. SULLIVAN

(*Third of a Series*)

By RAY HOPPMAN

John L. is the name that's emblazoned in fame
Of a great gladiator of yore,
Who fell for Life's ten and. who journeyed—amen;
From here to that far distant shore.
Our praises we sing to the king of the ring,
A tribute that comes from the heart;
A champion, he, with a capital C,
A fighter who played a star part.

Ah, how he could fight, this old fellow of might;
His tactics above board and fair,
With a stake mostly praise in the bare-knuckle days
When golden-lined purses were rare.
This Irishman's son had them all on the run
Till Gentleman Jim laid him low;
But before he went down and surrendered the crown
He had basked in fame's dazzling glow.

We'll never forget, for his name's with us yet,
This mighty old man of renown,
Who slugged toe to toe and exchanged blow for blow
Defending the heavyweight crown.
His left and his right contained wallops of might,
And those powerful blows carved his name.
Our memories bring visions of the old ring
And John L., the king of the game.

THE MAN WHO WINS

By ROBERT HAYWOOD

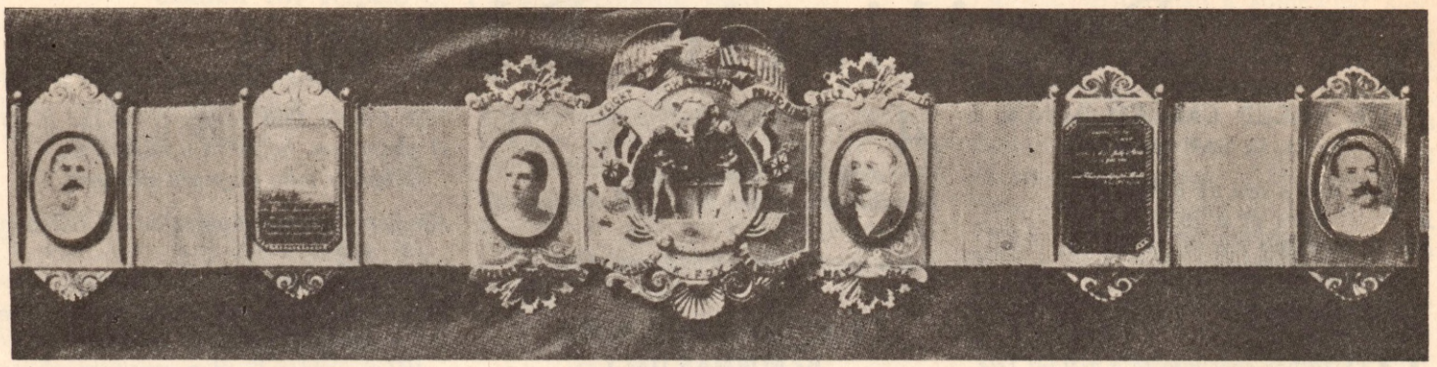
THE MAN WHO WINS is the man who tries,
Not blessed with any luck;
He'll win the bout by fighting clean,
And perservering pluck.

THE MAN WHO WINS is always cool,
No maddened thoughts within;
He'll feint and block to land the blow,
A knockout on the chin.

THE MAN WHO WINS is the man who fights
He may lose once or twice;
But grinds his teeth and squares the jaw,
Prepared to pay the price.

THE MAN WHO WINS is the man of grit.
Till bitter end he'll fight;
Each step behind is two ahead,
Each losing wrong, he'll right.

THE MAN WHO WINS will tarry not
For opportunities;
He'll give and take to make them come,
Then sail the victor's seas.



Mystery of Disappearance of Corbett's Belt Is Solved

FOR many years veteran followers of boxing have been asking, "What became of the world championship belt which Richard K. Fox of the Polize Gazette presented to John L. Sullivan, and which John L. refused?" The belt was given to Jim Corbett and he lost it. The manner in which it went astray is told by Tad as follows:

"Thousands of stories have been written about the Richard K. Fox Police Gazette belt, that was made for John L. Sullivan, when the latter was champion of the world. You will remember that Sullivan refused to accept the belt, calling it a big dog collar. Later on, Sullivan's friends and admirers gathered together a lot of dough, and presented John L. with a belt that he thought was O. K.

"Every once in a while, a story crops up from some town or other, saying that a prominent billiard hall man or a cigar store man has the old Police Gazette belt. The real facts of the story are these:

"WHEN Jim Corbett beat Sullivan at New Orleans, Richard K. Fox gave him the Police Gazette diamond studded belt. He told Corbett at that time that if he won three battles the belt would be his, but if he lost before winning the three, the belt should be returned to Mr. Fox. Corbett then beat Charlie Mitchell, making it two in a row. He was matched to fight Fitzsimmons, and in the meantime went out on the road with a show. He had the diamond studded belt with him, and in each town where he showed the belt was put in a local jewelry store, and a man with a big gun was hired to parade up and down in front of it. It was a good publicity gag.

"The day that Corbett's show landed at Davenport, Iowa, there was no jewelry store on the main street, so Corbett's manager put it in a drug store window. The usual guardian, with a big gat, paraded up and down in front of it, and crowds gazed at it daily.

"One evening, about 6 o'clock, however, the guy with the gat who was guarding left his post to get measured for some ham and eggs, and forgot to tell the drug store man that he was leaving. Then the drug store man, getting hungry, locked the store and dashed madly for a lunch wagon. Some one cut the glass out of the drug store window and copped the belt. The papers were informed of the fact, but, thinking it a publicity gag, only mentioned it with a two-line notice. There was no excitement at all about it. Neither Corbett nor his manager has ever heard of the belt since."

SULLIVAN always was very cool toward Richard K. Fox. When John L. first came to New York Billy Madden took him to the Police Gazette office to introduce him to Fox. Sullivan, in his usual gruff manner, spat on the costly carpet in Fox's office and altogether acted like a boor.

Fox, without ceremony, showed plainly that he was not interested in the Boston Strong Boy and the interview ended abruptly. John L. resented what he called an insult and he never could get friendly with Fox.

When the owner of the Police Gazette presented the championship belt Sullivan sneered at the offer and would have none of it.

SENATOR WALKER, CHAMPION OF SPORTS— (*Continued from page 7*)

has lost touch with the masses. None of the honors that have come to him induced him to leave the scene of his birthplace.

"Jimmy" received his education in De La Salle Academy, the College of St. Francis Xavier and the New York Law School. Soon after being admitted to the bar his fine mental equipment, splendid oratorical ability, readiness in debate and winning personality singled him out for recognition at the hands of the people of his district. They elected him to the Assembly in 1909, an honor which some years before they had conferred upon his father.

For five years he served as Assemblyman. In 1914 he was elected to the Senate. His eleven years of conscientious service in the upper branch of the legislature won for him the confidence of the people of the entire State.

SINCE 1920 Senator Walker has been the leader of his party. Two years ago he was elected president pro tem.

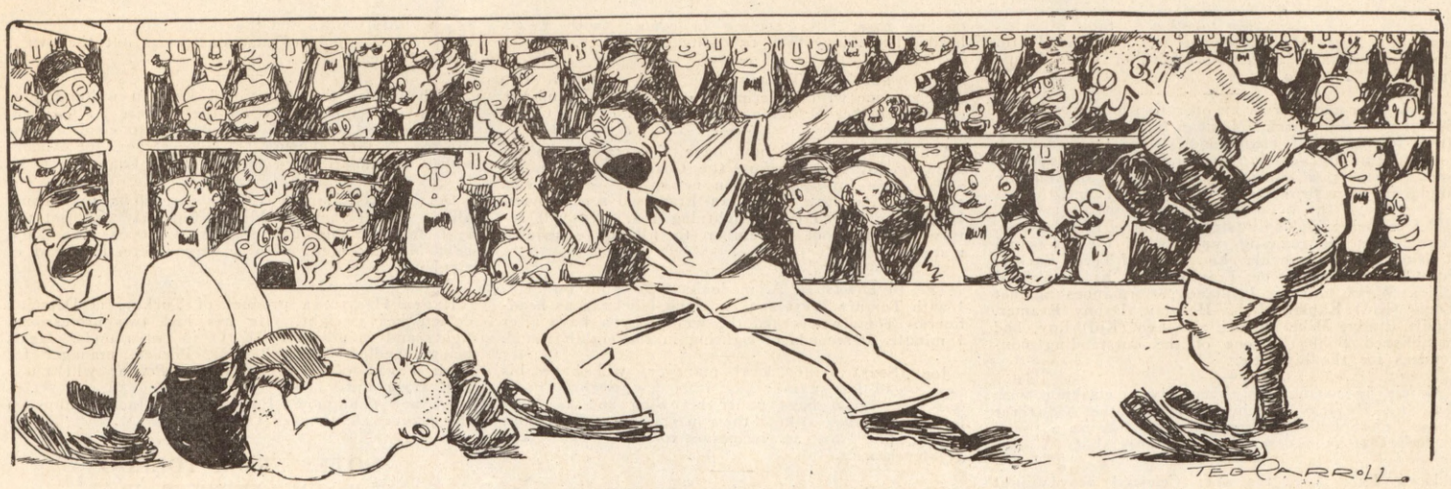
Early in his career Senator Walker championed the right of women to vote and did his full share to help them attain that right. His great courage and love of country brought about the unmasking of the Ku Klux Klan in this State. He introduced a bill compelling the Klan to register its membership with the Secretary of State.

When not engaged in serving the public, Senator Walker devotes his time to the practice of law. For years he has been in great demand as public speaker because of oratorical ability which combines serious expression and genuine wit.

"WALK IN WITH WALKER."

"WIN WITH WALKER" is the slogan of all true sports lovers and should be the slogan of every reader of this magazine qualified to vote in Greater New York.

James J. Walker will make the greatest Mayor New York ever had.



Minute Rest Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

MICKEY WALKER had better look to his laurels. For the first time in a blue moon the mighty British Empire has uncovered a rare prospect in the welterweight division, a two-fisted piece of fighting machinery capable of giving the world champion the fight of his life.

Tommy Milligan is his name. The braw laddie from the no'th bank o' the Clyde celebrated his American debut in a most auspicious manner on the evening of October 1, in the Queensboro Stadium ring, where he lambasted the daylights out of the rough, tough Morrie Schlaiffer.

The Scotch-Irishman made a profound impression on Gotham experts and fans alike. He hit the Omaha Caveman with everything but the water bucket in ten one-sided rounds. In desperation Schaiffer butted the invader over the left eye in the ninth which opened a four-inch gash. Dr. W. G. Fralick, noted bonesetter, sewed the wound with as many stitches.

How in the world Schlaiffer stood up under the fistic cannonading only he can answer. Milligan bounced rights and lefts off his face and body as fast as he could move his arms. He staggered Morrie time and again with trip-hammer punches. There were two things which militated against the sturdy Scotchman scoring a knockout. One was his intense desire to do so, and the other the loss of blood from the cut over the eye.

Milligan gave a capital performance. He satisfied all hands that he is a good judge of timing and distance, in addition to being a sharp, clean hitter. He has all the attributes of the makings of a great champion.

Judging him by the Schlaiffer encounter, Tommy is an improvement over Ted (Kid) Lewis, the last titleholder John Bull boasted. Lewis was a cunning, sharpshooting ringster; Milligan is not on a top-notch boxer but he likes to get in the thick of the milling. The harder he's hit the faster he comes in for more. Most important he showed us against Morrie that he is a soldier under fire. Unlike most good boxers, Tommy takes the offensive and keeps piling up points by forcing the fighting from the tap of the first gong.

It is doubtful if Milligan will be able to don the gloves again for three or four weeks. It will take that much time for the wound over his eye to heal.

Milligan was getting homesick but he has become acclimated and intends to stick around and bolster his bankroll. He arrived six weeks ago carting a chip on his shoulder. He was taken in hand by Billy Ames, who is slowly but surely becoming a big time manager. Ames has a gymnasium on his grounds at Clifton, Mass. There Tommy trained for the Schlaiffer bout.

Tommy scaled 155 pounds for Schlaiffer. He carried eight or nine pounds of surplus weight. Ames says Milligan can easily make 147.

Milligan will be ready to dispute Walker's right to the diadem early next year. Ames wants to put two or more fights under his belt before challenging Perfumery Jack Kearn's protege.

Milligan is the undisputed welter and middleweight champion of all Europe. His record on the other side is impressive. After knocking out Johnny Brown, Johnny Sullivan and Joe Rolfe, who were regarded as leading contenders for the welter championship, Tom won the crown from Lewis. He beat him twice, the first time on points at Glasgow, and again in a return match at the National Sport Club, London.

In this particular scrap Ted was disqualified for holding when on a verge of a knockout. Four months ago he was crowned middleweight king by virtue of victory over Bruno Frattini, the Italian, who had wrested the title from Roland Todd. According to Ames, Milligan has had fifty-two matches in the three years he has been boxing, and has never lost one or even been held to a draw.

The ancient Paul Doyle showed a flash of his old form by waging a stiff argument against Jack Zivic, on the same card. Zivic is another notorious in and outer on the order of Joe Lynch. The Pittsburger figured to annihiliate Paul but he had all he could do to avoid being knocked out in one of the early stanzas. Maybe Jack has gone stale from overwork. Whatever the cause he failed to come through with a decisive victory. True, he was awarded the decision but it was mighty close.

How could one figure other than a K. O. for Zivic considering his victories over Basil Galiano and Willie Harmon over a short space of time? Our advice to managers Lou Brown and Jimmy Bronson is to rest up Jack. They should also give Allentown Johnny Leonard a much needed vacation. You know the old story about "the pitcher going to the well once too often," etc.

"California Here I Come," has tickled the ears of Jimmy Goodrich, synthetic lightweight champion; Ruby Goldstein and Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, bantam boss. The latter has preceded Jimmy and Ruby for a shot at some easy money on the Coast. They will be gone three or four months.

There is no stopping Andy Devodi, Times Square newsboy. In his first two fights out of town he made instantaneous hits. He knocked out a boy in Boston. In Philadelphia he boxed rings around Willie Patterson. They want him back in the Quaker City.

Thus far he has compiled the wonderful record of eleven straight wins, five of them by knockouts. He is under the management of Bill Duffy, Broadway Sheik. They make a happy combination. Devodi, as has been told in The Ring time and again, will be the next lightweight champion. He has everything, punch, skill, endurance and can assimilate punishment. He hasn't been seen under fire. As a matter of fact no one has extended him.

Jack Delaney will be ready to resume where he left off several weeks ago because of illness by the time the New Garden opens. The socking Bridgeport, Conn., middleweight has recovered sufficiently to allow him to start light training. Only a few days ago he had his tonsils removed. He had a close call from septic poisoning. Pete Reilly, his manager, was closeted with Promoter Tex Rickard the other day. After the conference Pete revealed that his charge will oppose Paul Berlenbach in either the first or second show in the Fiftieth Street show house. It is estimated roughly that Delaney lost nearly $100,000 in matches Reilly was forced to cancel. His biggest shot was with Berly. At the last minute Delaney was forced to take to bed. Jimmy Slattery was substituted. When the match takes place, it is a sure bet the amphitheatre will be packed from cellar to roof.

Joe Jacobs is making matches for the newly reconstructed Coliseum in St. Louis. The popular Tin Ear Alley lad got off to a flying start the evening of September 30. He staged three bang up bouts, in one of which Phil (K. O.) Kaplan knocked out Jimmy Gory.

Daniel J. Skilling, who was promoted from secretary to deputy boxing commissioner, was tendered a dinner by his Bronx friends at the Schnorer Club, 163rd Street and Eagle Avenue, September 30. More than 200 sat around the festive board. Chairman James Farley made a corking toastmaster. Dan was presented with a beautiful watch. Every speaker praised him to the skies.

Among some of those we spotted around the festive board were Eddie Curry, chairman of Deputy Commissioners; Bert Stand, Skilling's successor; Tony Calabrese, Mike Valentine, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale Frank Dailey; Jimmy Kelly, Babe Herman, Andy Neiderreiter, Jacob Lenz, William S. Sanders, Dr. Maurice Minton, A. T. Walker, Morty Braverman, Victor J. Casey, Harry J. Clarke, Bert J. Gumpert, Marty J. Berg, Eddie Munson, Jack Shaw, James Keelan, Tom Kiernan, Mike Coffey, Scotty Montieth, A. B. Looney, Louis Bacharach, Ben Jacobs, Jack Dougherty, Charley Goldman and Terence T. Walsh.

The small clubs reopened their doors last month. They included the Pioneer, New Manhattan, Broadway and Uptown Lenox. Lew Raymond is making matches for the East Twenty-fourth Street horse mart. Johnny Attell, Raymond's Man Friday is sitting in for him at the Manhattan, and Andy Neiderreiter is arranging the shows for the old Broadway, Brooklyn. Joe McKenna accepted the job for the Lenox but at the last minute threw it up in disgust.

It is said that the backer of the Broadway spent $40,000 renovating the place. If they get some new faces the small clubs should show a profit. Last year most of them sank young fortunes. The fans are souring looking at the same gladiators, night in and night out.

Little Archie Bell, who quit East New York in favor of Chicago some little time ago, is going great guns in the west. He astounded a large crowd at Aurora, Ill., by outfighting Harold Smith. Bell had a decided advantage over Smitty in six rounds. In the third and eight Archie had Smith on the floor. The great feature of Bell's fighting was in countering his veteran opponent. That right to the body and left to the head was where Archie scored effectively, and everyone who was present couldn't help but admire the way the kid took the older one into camp.

Jerry Pelton, the only bald-headed manager in captivity, is raving about two fighters he has taken under his wing. They are Al Zolli, a feather and Henry Usse, Greenpoint bantam. Jerry is very sweet on Usse. We saw him whip Harry Mills at the Ridgewood recently. He looks like the better of the two. Jerry discovered Andy Devodi and pulled him out of the amateur ranks.

Frankie Schoell, smart Buffalo boxer, gave Harry Galfund, of Brooklyn, a boxing lesson in the twelve-round semi-windup to the Berlenbach-Slattery title tilt. Schoell dropped Galfund for a count of nine in the eleventh round and could have knocked him out. Frankie refused to do so and was content to win on points.

By clever boxing and ring generalship Tommy Loughran, of Philadelphia, fought to victory over Tony Marullo. Loughran never looked better. Tommy kept Tony's head bobbing with long lefts and rattled his molars with sweeping lefts and rights. In a bruising, mauling six round curtain raiser Barney Shaw, a welterweight, punched himself arm weary on Meyer Cohen, and the more rugged Cohen marched off with the decision.

Tommy Furrie is piecing together a stable of fighters a mile long. His latest meal ticket is Earl Baird. He is also looking after the affairs of Vince Peppe and Tony Picciano.

Having recovered from an operation for appendicitis, fighting Bobby Garcia, Mexican-Indian holder of the army featherweight championship, has buckled down to hard training again in preparation for a strenuous and ambitious schedule being lined up for him by Managers Lou Brown and Jimmy Bronson.

Before being suddenly stricken three months ago, Garcia was the reigning sensation of the 126-pound division. His spectacular knockouts of Terry Parker, Joe Glick, Romeo Roche, Frankie Rice, Kid Peck and Chick Ward, and his brilliant performances against Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Babe Herman, Danny Kramer, Eddie Brady, Mike Dundee and Leo (Kid) Roy, had established Bobby as one of the outstanding contenders for the big title.

Garcia is particularly keen about clashing with Kaplan. Having held his own with the Kid three times before Louis became champion, Garcia naturally feels that he is deserving of another shot.

Hong Fong Lee, the only Celestial heavyweight appearing before the public, accomplished something worthwhile when he lasted the full distance against Paul Cavalier in a recent eight-round bout at Paterson, N. J.

Hongie is game, but he has the unfortunate faculty of getting into the way of right-hand swings.

Lew Perfetti, Long Island City youngster, turned in an impressive victory over Eddie (Cannonball) Martin at the Queensboro Stadium. Perfetti stabbed away with his long left and although badly tired at the finish was ahead sufficiently to win the award.

Tony Canzoneri, former State amateur flyweight champion, is progressing rapidly in the "pro" ranks. He has emerged victorious in his first five conflicts. According to Izzy the Painter, Canzoneri is a second Pete Herman, former king of the bantamweights.

Joey Kaufman, Coney Island youngster, stepping into the ring on four hours' notice, gave Steve Smith of Bridgeport Conn., a stubborn twelve-round argument at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City, two weeks ago. It was a biff-bang affair, with action displayed in every round. Opinions were divided as to the winner. Kaufman, before that fight, whipped Al Clitty and knocked out Carl Morris and held Johnny Rocco to a draw.

Pete Passafiume, former flyweight crack, started off in the right direction when he whipped Harry Brandon and Murray Fuchs in his first two starts on big time.

Johnny Rocco of New Rochelle surprised the boys when he defeated Eddie (Kid) Wagner of Philly in their ten-round bout at the Queensboro Stadium. Rocco was on the short end of five to one wagers.

Paul Gulotta has shown a world of improvement since hooking up with Bobby North. Paul knocked out Paul Fargo, a tough southpaw, in three rounds and held Sig Keppen even. He gets better in each start.

Jack Denninen, an amateur belonging in the 130-pound class, has cast his lot in the "pro" ranks and is seeking battle with the best of them. Denninen looked promising while battling for medals and watches and if he shows the same class in the money ranks he should go far.

Tommy Moran and Pablo Reyes are responsible for a Filipino cowboy getting into the ring. "Cowboy" Francisco Reyes, full of fighting spirit and aggressiveness, who holds a draw with Pete Sarmiento and has fought a host of other topnotchers, is the lad. He lost a close decision to Gene Johnson, but he was outweighed ten pounds.

Joe Currie came through with an astonishingly easy victory over Georgie Day in their ten-round bout at New Haven, Conn. a few weeks ago.

Day was rated highly by the Nutmeg State fans and Currie's triumph will put him in the front rank of the Connecticut junior lightweights. Currie injured both hands in the bout, but managed to win the ten rounds.

Wee Willie Spencer, Chinatown bantam, has hooked up with Al Weill. Spencer held Chick Kansas and Rosey Stoy to close decisions and drew with Harry London.

Joey Abrams, former Brooklyn featherweight, is going ahead rapidly in Ohio. He has turned in some good wins and will be shortly matched with Al Corbett for the championship of the state.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By EDDIE McFARLAND

Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton's leading lightweight, has just returned from the Coast. Fate played the local lad a queer trick. Two days before his scheduled match with Jack Silvers, which was booked for Labor Day, while training in a gymnasium with his stablemate, Lew Palus, Murphy received a bad bump on his nose, after coming in contact with Lew's head. The injury took two stitches to close.

This knocked Tommy the Kid out of two matches, one with Ballerino the title holder, and the other with Ace Hudkins, the sensation of the Coast.

While Murphy did not have the opportunity of showing his wares before the Coast fans, he made a favorable impression upon newspaper scribes who watched him train. One San Francisco scribe monikered him the Trenton lightning rod. He will return the first of November to fill his scheduled matches.

The Broadway A. A. made its 1926 debut on Sept. 1 with Tommy West and Ivy Jack Ishelman as headliners. Tommy emerged the winner by a kayo after 1 minute 20 seconds of fighting in the eighth round.

Joe (Soxs) Pinto, local manager, will have his new up-to-date gym ready in a few weeks. Pinto has some good boys under his wing and as there is a lot of work around these parts, he and his boys should find this an incentive to more work and greater laurels.

Johnny Brennan began his winter campaign in an auspicious manager by trouncing the clever Benny Tell at New Brunswick and following it up with a well-earned win over Bobby Ruttenberg of Reading at the local Arena.

Who Was the Greatest Heavyweight of All Time?

In the December issue THE RING *will inaugurate another interesting feature in the form of a discussion as to the greatest heavyweight the game yet has known.*

THE RING *will publish the views of outstanding men in boxing but it also wants the impressions of its readers.*

Send in your ideas on the subject,—making your letter short and to the point. Write on only one side of the paper, please, and try to keep your ideas in one hundred words.

The publishers of THE RING *believe that this feature will be one of the most interesting yet developed in this magazine.*

Willie Ames of Montreal, Canada, has struck this town. His early workouts in a local gym have marked him as a comer.

Car Griffith, of Pennington, a suburb of Trenton, a former amateur, has entered the professional ranks. He should make good as he was a consistent prize winner at the three-round game.

Nick Fisher local sportsman witnessed the Walker-Shade set-to and placed his kale upon Walker. Upon his return to this city he gave the boys from the SHAA'S Boys' Club a blowout.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

The Arena Athletic Club opened up the indoor season with Luis Vicentini vs. Phil McGraw bout.

What a pasting Detroit's lightweight, McGraw, gave the Chilean. McGraw's plunging, ripping, tearin style just took the heart right out of the South American. Vicentini's famous right found the button more than a dozen times, but did not stem the tide of defeat.

Billy Peterson, Detroit's middleweight, received the verdict over Johnny Klesch of Cleveland, but the decision did not set well with the fans. They stormed the judges. Peterson walked across the ring and raised the hand of Klesch to acknowledge victory for the Clevelander.

Clarence Rosen, a bantam who has met all of the champions, won a decision over Maxey Miller of Cleveland. Rosen, formerly a headliner has worked himself back into the prelims. Why? That's a question.

Detroit must find a better class of judges if the boxing game is to thrive in this city. Out-of-town boys hesitate to come here for the reason that there is partiality shown for the home product. There is a wonderful supply of cash customers but they want a square deal.

Irish Fagan, the sensational Eastern welterweight, got an opportunity here on the Empire A. C. card. Fagan helped to get Dave Shade into condition for Mickey Walker. Owing to an operation, Joe Anderson of Cincinnati failed to meet Irish Fagan Sept. 16.

Detroit has four or five boxing clubs that could all do fine if they would run regularly and get the best talent. The Fairview A. C. opens its doors next Monday night with a very interesting card of six bouts.

Hagen Hassan, a product of Turkey, is Detroit's demon heavyweight. He has had two professional fights and won both by K. O. in two rounds. He is being handled by Walter M. Porlier, manager for Irish Fagan of Newark, N. J. Porlier will nurse him along until next year, then keep an eye peeled for a new champion. Hassan meets Jack Phillips on the Empire A. C. card October 16.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENDRICKS, JR.

A capacity crowd turned out to witness an excellent program of bouts staged by the Shea Bros. at the Armory on September 2. The main event proved to be a whirlwind ten-round slugfest between Don Boyer, Toledo's fast stepping welterweight, and Ray Hahn of Indianapolis. Boyer won a clean-cut victory.

The semi-final of eight rounds was a hard-fought contest between Charley Lupica and Tommy Ryan both of Toledo. Lupica showed more class than his opponent, but Ryan earned a draw, in the writer's opinion, by his slashing, aggressive fighting. Chuck Feldman stopped Bert Palmer in the fourth round of a scheduled six-round bout. Battling Jeakle beat Babe Dare in six rounds. Harry Henderson won from Jack Pinney in four rounds. Johnny Kinnard outpointed Jim Kelly in four rounds and Bobby Clemons boxed four rounds to a draw with Young Earler.

Syd Conn, the elongated Britisher now fighting out of Dayton, Ohio, handed Louis D'Arco of Cleveland a terrific lacing in the main attraction of Promoter Ad. Thacher's show on September 9. The bout went the full limit of ten rounds.

Bobby Rendely of Toledo shaded the veteran Jack Wolfe of Cleveland in the ten-round semi-final. Wolke showed considerabl knowledge of the art of ring craft, but the rugged little Toledoan forced him to keep on the defensive most of the time. Babe Kellar won decisively from Sammy Lupica in eight rounds and Art Knopp defeated Sammy Marisco in another eight-rounder.

The Shea Bros. staged another bang-up card on September 16. Mike Wallace, Cleveland light-heavy, surprised the big crowd by stowing away Soldier King of Grand Rapids, Mich., in the third round of the feature bout.

Jack Duffy shaded Charley Lupica in a fast ten-round bout which was billed with the Wallace-King bout as a double wind-up. The hurrah bout of the evening, however, was a six-round slam-bang affair between Larry Posen and Harry Henderson. Posen scored four knockdowns during the fracas and won by a shade. Ben Henry won handily from Johnny Kinnard in six rounds. The curtain raiser came to an abrupt ending at the start of the second round when Jim Kelly crashed over a terrific right cross on Frank Kovac's jaw.

Toledo fans were treated to a terrible fistic fiasco at the Armory on the evening of September 23. A boxer who was billed as Eddie Siegel but who, it has since been claimed was really Packey O'Gatty, was brought here to meet Johnny Datto, the hard-punching little Filipino from Cleveland. Siegel, alias O'Gatty, attempted to quit in the first round, but was promptly warned by Referee Ollie Pecord that unless he made an attempt at fighting he would not receive a cent for his services. This, however, was impossible, as he was no match for the rugged Filipino, who battered him unmercifully. Datta put over the kayo in the fourth round after flooring his opponent a total of eight times.

Tommy Milton, local welterweight, shaded Dave Mustaffa in the semi-final. Mustaffa is a Hindoo, hailing from Ottawa, Ont. Milton kept up a rapid pace throughout the ten rounds and earned a shade by his aggressiveness. In the preliminaries, Roxie Miller outpointed Bobby Rendely in eight rounds. Mickey Dugan won over Johnny Andrews in six rounds and Kid Mullins beat Kid Corso in four rounds.

The Shea Bros. have announced what looms up as one of the most interesting matches of the season, to be staged at the Armory on September 30. Mike Wallace of Cleveland, who recently kayoed Soldier King here will be brought back to face Toledo's sensational light-heavy, Joe Packo.

Taken as a whole, the boxing game has prospered considerably in Toledo during the past summer and all indications point to a continuance of the same during the coming fall and winter season.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Before a crowd of 4,000 fans, Bobby Eber proved conclusively that he is an exception to the old saying "they never come back" when he scored his sixth and most impressive win since his return to the ring. He outpointed and outslugged Jackie Johnstone in a ten-round punchfest. Eber electrified the fans with his sensational showing. His slashing, two-fisted attack in the last two rounds will linger long in the memories of the fans. Johnstone, a likeable and hard battling youth, put up a bristling fight in the first half of the encounter, but faded in the closing rounds.

The other star bout on the Eber-Johnstone card was between Chris Newton, popular and rugged as ever, and Bert Brown, claimant of the featherweight championship of New Zealand, who had just arrived here from "down under." Chris chased Brown all over the square, clouting and thumping the New Zealander, who refused to stand up and fight. Newton had no trouble gaining the award. At the same time he looked mighty good. It can be predicted that he will be seen in action with the best of 'em here.

There are several new applications in the hands of the recently appointed boxing commission for licenses to conduct boxing shows this coming season. Several soldier organizations contemplate getting back again, so it looks like plenty of competition this winter.

Frankie Bull and Frankie Quill are booked to clash ten rounds in St. John the end of this month. New promoters have opened offices in that part and with the liberal inducements now given the boxers the fans will see loads of action.

Mickey Wilson is entitled to a lot of credit for his shrewd handling of Bobby Eber. Wilson started off with a couple of trips among the "rhubarbs" boxing boys with fair reputations, to give his protege the necessary confidence again. Each bout saw the former champion in better shape until he had got into superb condition for the joust with Jackie Johnstone.

The proposed championship tilt between Harry Henning, newly crowned Canadian middleweight champion, and Del Fontaine, in Moose Jaw, is apparently off. The inducements offered Henning did not come up to expectations. Henning will box some well known contender in Ottawa at the Capital City's opening show.

Alec Burlie and Smilin' Joe Herman will box over the ten-round route here soon. These flyweights put on a rousing six-rounder here recently. With both boxers clamouring for a longer route, there should be plent yof "fireworks" when the timekeeper says "Go!"

George Fifield and Bert Schneider will feature the next local card in a ten-round battle for the Canadian welterweight championship. If Georgie is successful he will be asked to avenge the lacing Frank Bull, the lightweight champion, handed out to him last season.

Several smart amateurs shortly will make their "pro" debuts. Big things are expected of "Pack" McGrath, formerly known as the Berlenbach of the amateurs. McGrath, a young and lusty puncher, will be tossed in aganist Charlie Miller. "Pack" had better be careful. Charlie is a mighty tough handful for any of the lightweights.

Mike Carroll of Buffalo sprang a surprise on local "wisenheimers" when he grabbed off the decision over the local negro welterweight. Dug Lewis, who tossed away a fair sized B. R. when he blew the decision as well as a chance at George Fifield and the "bejewelled bonnet."

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The Utah Kid won the fourth and fifth straight fights of his comeback at the Bar L Ranch, Newport, recently. He kayoed Bill Dube of Brunswick in four rounds on September 1 and outpointed Young Josephs of Waterville in six rounds September 11.

Georgie Bulduc of Lewiston has returned from New York, where he had been living with the late Pepper Martin. He is a much improved boxer and is ready to renew acquaintance with local feathers.

Billie Hindley of London took the third bout of his series with Louie Prince of Manchester, N. H., in Portland recently. Prince won the first two of their meetings and put Hindly down for "nine" in their second bout.

Poor Lou Bedell can't seem to win. Walter Price, another English featherweight, who has been fighting in Maine, completely outclassed Lou in Portland.

Cyclone St. Louis' hand is fast healing and he has accepted the Utah Kid's challenge. Charley Turner, Lewiston sportsman, pronounces the Old Town lad a promising battler, while Bing Conley, state middleweight champ, says of Cyclone, "A sweet scrapper. He'll get somewhere."

Amateur bouts are to be held in Portland in hopes that they will liven things up.

Cannonball Cote of Lewiston journeyed to Newport September 18 where he kayoed the promising K. O. Charbuck in the fifth. Wm. Lochard is the only successful promoter in Northern Maine. His shows at the Bar L Ranch are attended by an audience of men, women and children that fills the arena. There's a reason. Dancing follows his fights. There's no dancing during the bouts.

Eight Ball Dixon and Gunboat Jack were to have clashed in Portland, but the bout failed to materialize. And Dixon fought and outpointed Eddie Desaultels instead.

A young third-rate flyweight who can punch would find plenty of work here. The 112-pound class is a very popular one with the fans, but good local flyweights are extremely scarce.

K. O. Therian of Sanford must be classed among Maine's welters. He kayoed Eddie Desaultels in two rounds and outpointed Irish Barney Grant and Larry Bragnolia in six-round bouts. On September 1 he had a slight edge on Joe Garry of Clinton, Mass., in the semi-final to the Hindley-Prince bout in Portland.

Jimmy (Kid) Rice sprang a surprise when he knocked out Johnny Moore, the Boston featherweight, in the third round in Portland, September 22. When Jimmy started his hectic career he hung up the record of knocking down or out every one of his first score of opponents, but recently he has not demonstrated his hefty wallop so often.

IN KANSAS

Pat Shelby knocked out Kid Roberts in two rounds at Great Bend on September 18.

Frankie Fields and Kid Maltibie fought a six-round draw at Great Bend on September 18.

Philadelphia Joe Gans knocked out Kid Starlight in three rounds at Great Bend, September 18.

Earl Cecil beat Jimmie Hartman in ten rounds at Manhattan on September 22.

Joe Hendricks beat Jimmie Skaggs in four rounds at Topeka on September 25.

Mickey Evans beat Jake Robinson in six rounds at Topeka on September 25.

Earl Shaner beat Lee Boyd in eight rounds at Topeka on September 25.

Pat Corbett beat Bobby Taylor in ten rounds at Topeka on September 25.

Earl Shaner of Topeka is a mighty good looking prospect. He looked good in his fight with Lee Boyd. Earl knocked Lee down several times, but Lee remained to the finish.

Pat Corbett, "Hutchinson's Fighting Irishman" won his second fight of the month at Topeka on September 25 by taking the nod over Bobby Taylor, a tough welter from Kansas City, in ten rounds.

Taylor was announced as "the Blue River Caveman," but Corbett proved to be rougher than the Caveman and won the decision in ten torrid rounds.

Dep Wilson, fast little featherweight of Hutchinson, is earning his way through school by boxing. Any promoter using Dep will find him an audience pleaser.

Carl (Young) Downing is another youth paying his way through school by his earnings in the ring. Downing is a Kansas University student and a pleasing little boxer who is a credit to the game.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Gene Tunney looked like a million dollars when he outboxed and outfought Bartley Madden for two and one-half rounds and then stopped him in Minneapolis September 25. Gene took lots of chances, got hit quite a few times himself and finished the fight when he whipped over a lightning right hand to Bartley's chin which dropped him like a log. Madden got up, rather dazed and Tunney, after a few fast passes got in a left hook that did the work.

Tunney, in knocking out Madden did something that Harry Wills, Tommy Gibbons and many others have failed to do. Gene is on his way to the championship and it is the writer's opinion that he can beat Wills now and it will not be very long before he will be able to defeat Dempsey.

The prelimns were not up to the regular standard as a whole although the Olivia-Rogan bout was a hummer. Dago Joe Gans fought a draw with Mark Judge in the semi-windup. The Dago has done much better in past fights and more was expected of him.

Nick Olivia lost to Eddie Rogan. A right hand on the point of the chin which Rogan landed in the first round and which floored Nick practically won for the Minneapolis boy. Doc Holly and Johnny De Corsey fought a very poor fight, Holly winning.

The show was the first of a series that promoter Billy Fawcett intends to put on this coming season. Matchmaker Eddie Reddy of the St. Paul club is now lining up a show for October and is trying to match Jock Malone with some suitable opponent.

Buddy MacDonald will most likely box Mark Judge on the next St. Paul show as this looks like a natural. MacDonald is easily the classiest welterweight in the state and is finding it hard to get fights.

Nick Olivia despite his defeat by Rogan, has a number of bouts lined up. He figures on meeting Walter Grayjack at Eau Claire, Eddie Rogan at St. Paul, Merle Ate at Peoria, Dave Atler at Aberdeen, Young Burd at Sioux Falls, Andy Skaff at La Crosse and Young Nemo at Chippewa Falls. Nick pleases whether he wins or loses, hence the matches.

Mike Connolly of Minneapolis has his battling redhead, Jackie Conway fighting Dick Lamb of Muscatine at Des Moines.

Reddy Blanchard of Battle Creek, Mich., who made his home in St. Paul quite a while, fought Harry Kahn of Milwaukee at Appleton and although he lost the newspaper decision he made a hit.

Jimmie Cashill of St. Paul, under the management of Ham Schilling, is getting plenty of work around Chicago and Peoria and lately has been knocking out most of his opponents.

Teddy Blatt of Minneapolis, a featherweight who spent considerable time in the east and who has fought Babe Ruth, Benny Bass and many other well known boxers is now home and getting ready for a busy season. He is under the management of his brother.

IN ARKANSAS

By DOC MAY

The boxing game in Arkansas was a little slow during the summer months as only a few of the towns put on shows. With the commencement of cool weather several clubs have opened for the winter season and there is an expected boom in the sport.

Roughouse Rube Johnson, Fort Smith featherweight, gave Ploughboy Jones of Russelville a boxing lesson in 8 rounds before the American Legion A. C. at Russelville. Rube gave the ploughboy an awful lacing and made quite a hit with the fans.

H. H. Vance, of the American Legion A. C. of Russelville, deserves a great deal of credit for the bouts he gave the fans last summer and in the manner in which they were handled. Mr. Vance is a gentleman and a credit to the game, a clean sport and a square shooter and any boxer boxing before his club can rest assured of a square deal.

Morrillton, Arkansas, opened to boxing September 23 under the auspices of the American Legion Post of that city. Kid Lewis, Waldron welterweight and Bobby Evans of Morrillton were in the main event. Lewis is one of the best welterweights in these parts.

The Elks A. C. of Fort Smith will open for the winter season October 16 and will put on semi-monthly shows during the winter season. The main event on the opening card will be between Pat Duncan, Fort Smith star bantam and Billy Murphy of Kansas City. This should be an excellent bout as both boys are willing to mix.

Negotiations are now under way for a match between Pat Duncan for the winner of the Norba Vance-Dick Cody fight which takes place at Enid, Okla., September 25. Vance is the bantamweight champion of Oklahoma. Cody is billed as the bantam champion of Wyoming.

Stinger Steele, Fort Smith lightweight, is laid up with an injured eye and was forced to cancel a bout at Enid, Oklahoma. The injured optic is improving rapidly and Steele will be able to enter training at an early date.

Billy Brown of Memphis, defeated Jimmie Cox of Nashville in a ten round fight at El-Dorado, Ark.

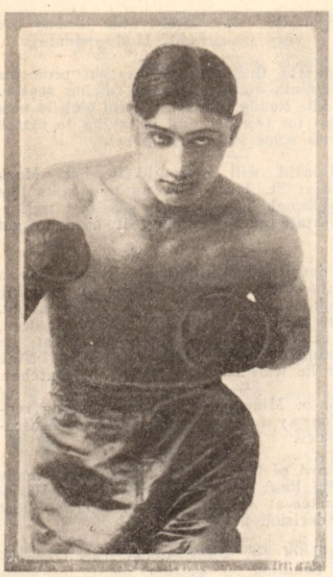
Jimmie Smith of Marked Tree, and Dixie lightweight champion, knocked out Roy Ecker of St. Louis, in the 5th round of a scheduled 10 round bout in El-Dorado, Ark., September 2.

Geo. Sander, Little Rock feather, won a newspaper decision over Tommy Fowlks, Memphis featherweight, in six rounds in the semi-final to the Billy Brown-Al Gruntz bout.

Geo. Sanders also won a hard fought and well earned decision over Ritchie McCoy, Kansas junior lightweight, in the semi-final to the Smith-Ecker bout.

MITCHELL NOT KNOCKED OUT

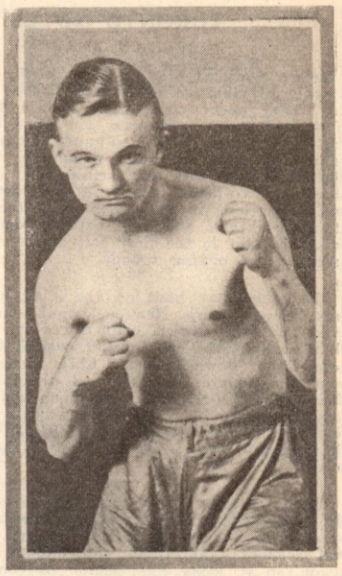
Through an error in the last issue of The Ring, a statement was made that Jack Zivic holds a knockout victory over Ray Mitchell. This is not so.



Harry Roberts, amateur welter champion of Northwest, turning pro.

Ernie Owens, heavyweight from Los Angeles, managed by Jack Kearns.

Jim Sigman, heavyweight.



Jimmy Johnston's Joey Strand, Jerry Sach's Cleveland lightweight.

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY LOVERIDGE

Cuddy de Marco of Pittsburgh and Tony Travers, State lightweight champion, fought a ten-round draw in the star bout of the Nutmeg show at New Haven.

In the opening bout Chick Dorsey outpointed Buddy Rodney of New Haven in a fast four-round bout. Both boys weighed in at 120 pounds and the bout made such a hit that they were rematched for six rounds at Ansonia.

Sammy Cooper won on a knockout over Yopng Emmonds of Waterbury in another six, and Frankie Schuman of Newark was declared winner over Jiggers Pallandino of Waterbury, when Pallandino's second tossed in the towel in the third round.

Joe Currie won a popular decision over Izzie Cooper of New York in the eight-round semi-final.

Jack Delaney, Bridgeport's contender for the light-heavyweight championship, has left St. Vincent's Hospital, where he underwent an operation to ward off an attack of septic poisoning.

Delaney's illness told heavily on his poundage, his three weeks' siege in the hospital relieving him of almost fifteen pounds.

Delaney intends to rest three months and then start training to meet the three present big timers in the light-heavyweight division, namely, Paul Berlenback, Mike McTigue and Jimmy Slattery.

Sheik Leonard of Bridegport and Wallingford fought his fifty-second professional battle when he knocked out Willie Ferguson of Newark in the fifth round at Westerly, R. I.

In the ten-round semi-final John Saxon, also of Bridgeport fought a draw with Pinky Burns of New London.

Frankie Curcio of Providence won on a technical knockout over Young De Reta of Westerly in the sixth round, and Young Coulon of Taftville and Joey Williams of New Bedford boxed eight rounds to a draw.

Joe Chimble, moving picture theatre manager of Stamford, started his indoor boxing season with Murray Gitlitz, former Yale athlete, now residing at New Haven, and Smiling Billy Nolan, colored heavyweight of New York, in the ten-round star bout.

Gitlitz made short work of Nolan, knocking him cold in the first round. Only three weeks ago Gitlitz kayoed Nolan on a Nutmeg card in New Haven, but Nolan had an alibi that he was not in the best of shape, so Promoter Chimble gave Nolan a second chance.

Sammy Cooper, hard hitting welterweight of New Haven knocked out Charley Stecher of Stamford in the fourth round of the semi-final, and Willie Mack of Stamford won on a technical knockout over Bobby Slater of Omaha, Neb.

Tony Occenti from Dunmore, Penn., outpointed K. O. Mule Brown of Stamford in the four-round opening bout.

Company M, 102nd Infantry, under the direction of Captain Thompson, staged a boxing show on the 24th at Ansonia with Scotty Horsburgh formerly of the Navy, and Chick Mayo, the Filipino, in the main event. Horsburgh easily won the decision. Both boys are flyweights.

In the six-rounder Chick Dorsey of Bridgeport again showed his class in winning the referee's decision over Buddy Rodney of New Haven in their second encounter for the month.

Webster Hose Co. of Ansonia, with George Commerford acting as matchmaker, will stage a show on the 9th with Happy Rollinson in the star bout. Chick Dorsey will appear in the semi-final.

Erne Perry, Bridgeport's classy lightweight will also appear on the Ansonia card in an eight-rounder.

Joe Currie was awarded the referee's decision over Georgie Day at the Nutmeg A. C. on the 25th. Day's defeat was quite an upset, as he was a 7 to 5 favorite.

Meyer Cohen, 151½, was awarded the decision over Vincent Forgione, 152, in the ten-round semi-fiinal.

Wilber Cohen, 120, was awarded a decision over Spark Plug Russell, 118½, in another eight-round bout.

Laurie Rich, 127, was awarded the referee's decision over Henry Monguese, 130 in the six-round opening bout. Both boys are from New Haven.

Tracy Ferguson of Wallingford was crowned state welterweight champion of Connecticut on the 25th of this month when he was awarded the referee's decision over Johnny "Sheik" Leonard of Bridgeport and Wallingford in a twelve-round star bout at Norwich.

It was the first boxing card that Norwich has had in about four years. Promoter Jack Wilson is returning to the field and plans to hold monthly shows all winter.

New London will probably have a boxing show the first part of next month, with Pal Reed meeting some good middleweight.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Ray Schaeffer, Biloxi featherweight, lost the decision in his bout with Bobby Higgins last month in New Orleans, Higgins came near knocking Ray out and according to press reports Schaeffer was lucky to go the limit. A return match here is in the making.

Young Ross, Syracuse featherweight, defeated Bub Seymour here last month. Ross displayed a lot of class and will be brought back for future contests. He is one of the smartest fighters that has ever shown here.

Milton Manguno, stablemate of Ross, made an instant hit with the fans in his bout with Adam Gomez. Manguno stopped Gomez in three rounds. Both Ross and Manguno are handled by Sidney Brown, former New Orleans bantamweight title contender.

Johnny Cox, New Orleans' most prominent fistic manager, has teamed up with Eddie Meade and they are handling a string of high-class fighters. They have under their guidance such battlers as Pal Moran, who gave Benny Leonard plenty of trouble every time they met, Terry Parker, featherweight, who has beaten Chick Suggs, Red Chapman and Bobby Garcia. They also have Dan Dowd, light-heavyweight, Knockout Leonard, the latest lightweight sensation, who gave Basil Galiano an awful lacing and Joe Lynch, twice bantamweight champion of the world. Cox and Meade are located in the Cecilia Bldg., Suite No. 44, New York City. This combination is sure to be heard from the coming winter.

Pockie Lockie, Biloxi flyweight, has at last agreed to meet Earl Bascle, New Orleans' most promising battler. They will meet sometime this month. This bout will draw the biggest gate of the season.

Bascle in the meantime is not remaining idle. He journeyed to Florida last month where he had a string of victories. His latest victim was Joe Slovani, who boxed Fidel La Barba in the Olympic contests. Bascle had Slovani on the floor several times and was accorded one of the greatest ovations that any visiting fighter ever received in Miami.

Al. Wambsgans, former New Orleans referee, is the official referee for all the local clubs. Wambsgans is very competent and not a dissenting voice is heard whenever he gives a decision. Al. is very popular. His bakery is one of the cleanest on the Gulf Coast.

Grover and Buster Malini are still a winning combination. They are the best looking prospects of any of the local fighters.

Al. Fremin, Biloxi's fistic promoter, will have to enlarge his arena next summer if he continues to put on such splendid shows as he did last summer. Al. is Biloxi's most prominent citizen and he has done much towards putting this State on the pugilistic map. Mayor Kennedy and he are real true sportsmen and real red-blooded men.

The following is a list of fighters that will be seen here shortly: Kid Koster, Jack Russo, Henry Jungle, Earl Bascle, Louis Martin, Martin Schimbra, and probably Jack Lewis, who recently defeated Jack Griff.

Adam Gomez is in strict training again after his setback at the hands of Milton Manguno last month. Gomez is willing to bet his extra end that he can reverse the tables on Manguno. Many are of the same opinion as Adam.

The fans of Biloxi were glad to hear of Jack Lewis' victory over Jack Griff last month in New Orleans. Lewis was a big hit here last summer. He scored knockouts over several opponents including Young Sharkey. Whitey Schultz, who has a host of admirers here, is the manager of Lewis. Schultz is well versed in the boxing game and should make a lot of money for Lewis.

The writer, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Curry, brother of Jack Curry, well-known English sportsman, was a spectator at the Griff-Lewis bout. Mr. Curry is a real boxing fan. His brother, Jack, brought Frankie Ashe, Ted Moore, Frank Moody and several other English fighters to this country, but returned to England after a short stay in this country.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES

By JOE WATERMAN

The surprise of the month on the Coast was the knockout of Bert Colima at the hands of Leo Lomski. The Polish middleweight dropped Bert for the count in the second round with a short right to the chin. The bout was promoted in the Seattle Ball Park and drew close to $6,000. Jack Doyle rematched them for his Vernon, Calif., Arena.

"Doc" Snell made a big hit at the Hollywood Legion Stadium when he conceded four pounds to Patsey Flanagan and gave the St. Louis boy an awful lacing in ten rounds.

Pete Sarmiento journeyed to Helena, Montana, and boxed a great draw with Dixie Lahood. The Filipino was a "riot" with the Montana fans and they want him back. Sarmiento then jumped to Los Angeles, where he defeated Georgie Marks in ten rounds.

Bud Taylor has been matched to box "Doc" Snell at Vernon, Calif., on October 27. Ten rounds at 123 pounds with the winner to box Charlie Phil Rosenberg at a later date.

Billy Mendez, the Portuguese lightweight, who has become a great favorite with Northwest fans, added another scalp to his belt by beating Frankie Hall of the Navy. Mendez scored three knockdowns.

With three shows a week running in Los Angeles, the game is in great condition there. "Mushey" Callahan and "Ace" Hudkins drew a gross house of over $30,000 in a bout there recently.

Clever Sencio will do! Such was the verdict of California fight bugs after they had glimpsed Frank Churchill's latest Filipino sensation in action against Mickey Gill and Teddy Silva. The little Filipino can fight and he has that something which means much to boxing promoters—"color" and personal magnetism.

Here are two new ones from the "bush" for those in the boxing racket to keep tab of. One is Don Fraser, 133-pounder, of Spokane, Wash., and the other is Al Webster of Billings, Montana, a welterweight who fights middles and heavies and trims 'em. Bob Sage, veteran, who has battled them all, told the writer that Webster is the best boy he has ever fought. And Sage has boxed men like Jock Malone, Bert Colima, Leo Lomski and other good ones. Fraser is a graduate of the amateur ranks, a fair puncher and very good boxer. Since his graduation from the Spokane Amateur A. C. he has defeated in succession Jimmy Rivers (K.O.), George Sollis, Babe Folmer and Mike De Pinto. Fraser is being handled by Eddie Quinn.

A few of the New Yorkers now on the Coast are Bobby Michaels, Johnny Clinton, Jackie Gordon, Frankie Genard, Mike Ballerino, Harry Wallach, Sammy Shack, Lou Paluso. Also Lew Diamond Nick Florio and Whitey Ekwart.

Look for a Mike Ballerino-Tod Morgan bout for the junior lightweight championship in the very near future. It is in the making. Morgan will be a big favorite in the betting over either Ballerino or Kid Kaplan, should they tangle.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

South Philadelphia's star featherweight, Babe Ruth, met with a surprising setback in his meeting with "Honey Boy" Finnegan of Boston in the recent Italian Hospital benefit show at Shibe Park when he was knocked out in the first round, but he is not discouraged and will try to climb the ladder again.

Improvements costing $90,000 have been made to the Arena in West Philadelphia by Promoter Jules Aaronson. The seating capacity was increased several thousand and the place improved in general. The opening crowd September 30 brought out a big house.

Dave Adelman, holder of the Pennsylvania flyweight championship, will be kept busy this fall and winter. He recently met Bobby Burke in Reading and will appear at a number of other Eastern clubs.

Jimmy Dougherty wires from the Coast that his colored heavyweight, George Godfrey, is continuing his winning pace out in California. Dougherty is still trying to get Godfrey and Harry Wills together.

Harry (Kid) Brown, pinch-hitting for Alex Hart, went the ten-round limit against Sid Terris in the recent Italian benefit show. Philadelphians were amazed at the speed and versatility of Terris, who will probably be brought back for several indoor shows.

Knockout Leonard, a bantamweight who has been brought out by Sam Corbett, made a hit in a recent bout against Willie Parrish in Harrisburg. Leonard sent his opponent to the floor eight times.

Few fighters with so much gameness have been seen in Philadelphia rings as Eddie Anderson of Wyoming showed against Benny Bass. Although Bass knocked Anderson down several times, the Western lad always came back.

Dave Fry, who made his boxing start in York, Pa., has invaded Philadelphia and has jumped into action at the Cambria Club. Fry comes from the same city that produced Johnny Gill, a rugged welterweight.

Owing to a scalp wound which he received in his bout with Jack Burke of Pittsburgh, Tommy Loughran was obliged to call off a fight with Joe Ross in Buffalo. Loughran outclassed Burke and stopped him in six rounds, when the latter's seconds threw a towel into the rang.

Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights mauler, is back in shape again, judging by the manner in which he defeated Johnny Mendelsohn in the West. Barrett is training for several local bouts.

Marty Gold, the Kensington flyweight is stepping along at a good clip and working out daily at the Cambria Gymnasium. He is a big favorite in his section.

Tommy Farley is being lined up for some big matches by Joe Wenke. Farley recently gave Pep O'Brien an artistic beating at Atlantic City and had the latter on the verge of a knockout.

Nothing would please Danny Kramer better than to get another shot at the featherweight crown of Kid Kaplan. Kramer's punch is working in old-time form and he is shiftiert han ever. Max (Boo-Boo) Hoff believes he might lure Kaplan into the ring this winter in New York.

Mickey Morris and Lenny Sullivan, a clever pair of Wilmington boxers, have stepped into action in Phillie rings and made good.

Sammy Hahn, who looks after a string of Quaker City boxers, handled Pinkey Mitchell in his recent bout with Joe Dundee of Baltimore at Shibe Park.

Jimmy "Red" Mason has unusual faith in the ability of Billy Myers, McKeesport's flyweight. Mason now has the Kid to contract and expects to feature the boy this coming winter.

Bobby Young, Duquesne feather, is training and is now ready to meet all comers up to 128 pounds.

Tom Cain, the hustling manager from Carnegie, has added Jack Barry, Pittsburgh welter, to his string of "duke welders." Young Penno, McKrock's welter, is also under the same management.

Bernard Kelly has been active in the interests of Andy Tomasky, Wilmerding's flyweight sensation. Tomasky is a two-fisted combination fighter.

Don't be surprised if you see Tony Norman back in harness shortly. Tony, it will be remembered, was given the assignment to meet the late Pancho Villa in the late champion's initial appearance in Pittsburgh in the winter of 1924. Norman stood off the rushes and rip-tearing blows of Villa for ten rounds, losing the decision in a closely contested battle. Noman should get in shape and plenty of work awaits him.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. D. BECK

Duquesne Elks held their second successful outdoor show of the season, featuring Willie Davies, the sensational flyweight from Charleroi, with Jackie Feldman, the little "Yiddish" mauler from Baltimore. The fight showed Davies as a coming champ. Davies met a boy as good as there is in the game, Feldman having defeated such boys as Young Dencio, Little Jeff, Willie La Morte and Al Brown. He has a no-decision bout with Genaro.

The semi-windup brought out two of the toughest maulers in the game, Jack Benton, Braddock's "Giant Killer," and "Bad News" Taylor and who fought a tough draw.

Jim Buchanon, popular manager of Charleroi, is raking in the "mazuma." He sure has a "sweet baby" at 138 pounds in Freddie Boylestein, who looks like one of the very best for any promoter to feature.

In the short space of one year Jim has brought him up to a finalist. Of course, there is a reason. He has the goods.

McKeesport ushered in the fall season on September 17 with a splendid card, Freddy Boylestein meeting Sig Keppen, the Beaver Falls and New York Caveman. Boylestein carriedthe first seven rounds by a continual attack of his straight left jab and won the bout.

The semi-windup featured Johnny Carey, Erie welter, with Mickey Fedor, Donora. They fought a good six-round draw.

Al Zill, the popular Youngstown promoter and fistic impresario, has a string of "map denters" whom he would like to show before the Majestic Club of McKeesport or Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh. His list includes the "O'Dowds," Midget Mike and Eddie; Rosey Stoy, Jimmy Corbett, Tony Zell and Pete Conal. They are all capable millers.

Motor Square Garden of Pittsburgh has introduced the old sport of roller skating which is making quite a hit since its revival. Matchmaker Johnny McGarvey will use the garden for boxing as usual on Mondays and skating the balance of the week.

Rumors are out about Duquesne Garden, Pittsburgh, taking a fling at boxing. It is really the ideal spot for boxing with a seating capacity of 12,000. The promoters would be in a position to feature the very best of material in the game. Go to it, boys. Nothing like trying.

Tex O'Rourke, the old-time pilot of fistic stars, was a recent visitor in Pittsburgh. While here the writer had the pleasure to meet the man he had read about while still in his teens. Tex has under his reins Jack Burke, heavyweight; Johnny Urban, light-heavy, and Hughey Hoggerty, welter. They all hail from Pittsburgh.

"Bad News" Taylor, the Donora Caveman, journeyed to Youngstown on September 10 and gave Midget Mike O'Dowd a neat lacing in ten rounds. This marked their fourth meeting.

Kid Carpentier, the classy feather from New Kensington, will be seen in action very shortly.

Frank Porto is now the proud daddy of a fine baby girl. Well well, Wrankie. "Maybe the next one."

The Majestic Club of McKeesport held their second indoor show of the season. The principals were Roy Mitchell, Philadelphia terror, with Young Soylor, Charleroi't latest entrant for fistic fame. The bout proved very disappointing. Soylor seemed content to "marathon" it.

The semi-final brought out two willing mixers in Teddy Welsh, McKeesport's lightweight, and Georgie Harris, Niles, Ohio. These boys mixed it at a furious clip for six rounds, with Welsh carrying the verdict.

Peewee Donald, the great little flyweight from Homestead, is "hittin' on all fours" since he deserted the amateurs. He has appeared on different cards in this locality and never has failed to put up a rip-tearing and pleasing fight. This winter should see him good and busy.

Johnny McGarvey, Pittsburgh's hustling sport promoter, has several corking good shows lined up for the latter part of this month and early part of next month. His early show, October 7, featured Jack Zivic, local welter, with Sailor Friedman, Chicago. The other bouts in the making are Harry Greb, world's middleweight champion, and Tony Marullo, from New Orleans, and Cuddy De Marco and Tommy O'Brien.

ROCHESTER NOTES

By ROCKY CONTI

Things were quiet in Rochester in the last few months with the Genesee Valley A. C. not running its weekly shows, but Matchmaker Jake Carey assures the local fans that he will start running on October 12th with an all-star card headed by Gene Tunney and Dan Dowd of Boston.

Tony Scaloney, Rochester's crack featherweight who has been away for the past year and a half has returned to Rochester where he will make his headquarters. Tony was a coming boy when here but disappeared all of a sudden after he stopped Joe Trippe, the so-called Wild Cat.

Joe Kid Manuel who is yet to be defeated before the local fans has started to train with Osk Till, local middleweight champion for a busy winter campaign and will probably be seen on the Tunney and Dowd card.

Osk Till, who is at present training with Gene Tunney at Saratoga Springs might meet some good boy in the semi-final to the Tunney-Dowd bout. Till and Mike Dempsey are Rochester's leading middleweights.

Battling Barry, lightweight, is geeping busy these days boxing practically every week. In the last two weeks he has met Bobby Tracy and Johnny Sacco, who recently arrived from the Pacific Coast.

Chubby Brown who in his last two bouts boxed draws with Jack Zivic and Archie Walker, is also getting in shape for a busy winter and hopes to meet Mickey Walker before the year is over.

Joe Trippe our local lightweight favorite lost an unsatisfactory decision the other night at Syracuse, to Canosota Bob.

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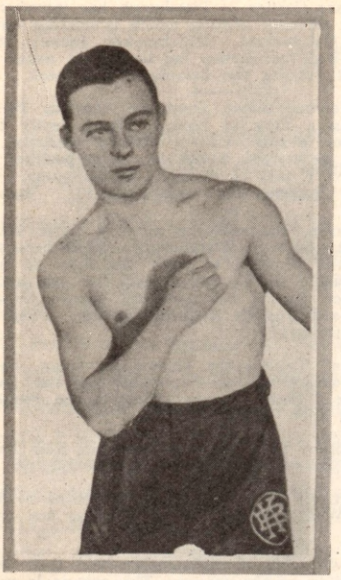
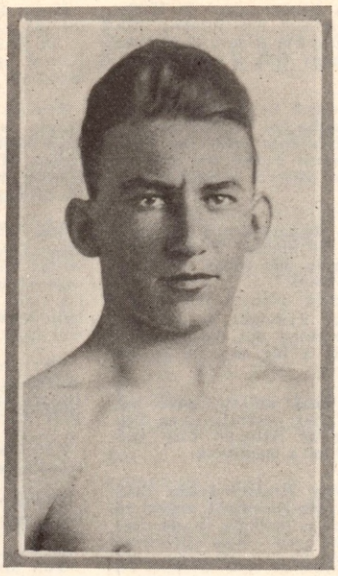
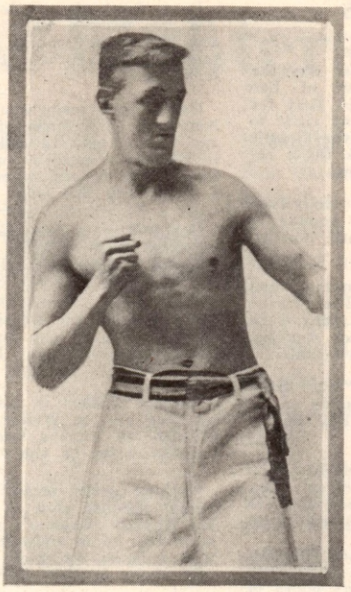


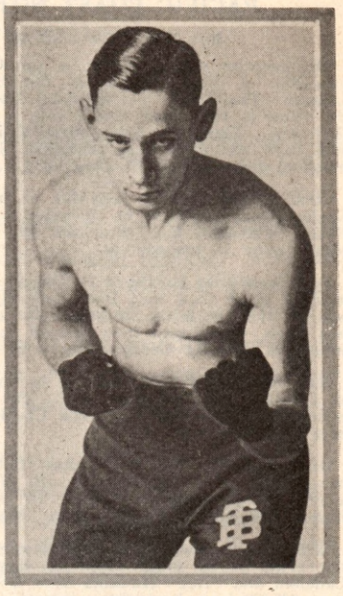
Billy Kelly, a flyweight who hails from Scranton.



George Saunders, Little Rock, Arkansas's star featherweight.



Eric Young, clever Milwaukee bantamweight.



Teddy Blatt, known as the St. Paul featherweight Tornado.

BOXING GOSSIP FROM CALIFORNIA

By OTTO A. PETERS

Four Los Angeles boxers were suspended September 12 for an indefinite period, according to notice received by promoters from the State Commission. Willie O'Brien, for several years a big favorite at Los Angeles clubs, was barred permanently for physical unfitness. The commission stated that O'Brien was not in any physical condition to cope with the younger and stronger boxers of today. Other boxers who were suspended are Joel Snow, for writing an unfamiliar check; Mel Manning, under 18 years of age, and Bus Barrier, fouling.

After slamming Goodrich down for the count of nine twice, Battling Ward stopped Georgie in the second round of their main event bout at Wilmington on September 16. Allie Nelson won the decision over "Red" Murphy in the semi-windup. Young Terry defeated Gill Davis of San Bernardino.

Charlie Feraci, New Orleans lightweight won a ten-round decision over Frankie Farren at San Diego, September 4. Frankie led in the early rounds, but Feraci took the edge in the sixth round and had Farren in a bad way in the eighth.

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, has been granted a California boxing license and is now recognized as his own manager by the State Athletic Commission. Those interested think this would serve as a precedent for the New York Boxing Commission in its settlement of the dispute involving the champion, Jack Kearns and Tex Richard in connection with the proposed Dempsey-Wills contest.

After negotiating for ten days, Sol Harris and Dick Donald agreed on terms for Eddie Huffman's services against Young Stribling, the Georgia Peach. The match will be staged at Los Angeles, Ascot Park, on the night of October 10. Huffman will receive a percentage of the gate and a flat guarantee of at least $12,500; the exact figures were not made public. Having closed for his principal attraction, Dick Donald is now negotiating for another feature bout to be staged on the same card. He may secure an opponent for George Godfrey or he has a chance to sign Mike Ballerino and Ace Hudkins.

Solly Martinez and Joe Leal, featherweights, fought a ten-round draw at the Pasadena Armory August 27. Joe Madot outslugged Manuel Juardo in the six-round semi-final and copped the decision.

Young Harry Wills, San Diego negro junior welterweight, knocked out Paddy Mills, Englishman, in one round August 28, at the Coliseum. He punched Pat silly with right hooks and put an end to it in about a minute.

Kid Mexico and Hank Gatton, middleweights, fought a fast eight-round bout to a draw at Wilmington's first anniversary show. Hank started like a whirlwind, but Kid's superior experience evened up the count in the latter stages.

Frankie Darren, Salt Lake lightweight, battled Young Harry Wills to a draw at San Diego recently. Wills is the young colored boxer who twice put away Paddy Mills.

Eddie Cuff has taken in hand Alex Tasloff, Russian middleweight. Eddie is endeavoring to make a real fighter out of Tasloff.

Tod Morgan is being groomed in the south for a whack at Mike Ballerino's junior lightweight title. As Mike is averse to risking his title unless he gets $25,000, there is little likelihood of the match. Mike, of course, probably would fight Morgan with the title not at stake.

Johnny Frayne, one of the "raw-meaters," who bowled over a lot of tough boys ten and fifteen years ago, has blossomed out as a manager. He is guiding Georgia Leonard, bantam, and Fred Huffman, heavyweight. Both made their starts at San Rafael recently, Leonard winning by a kayo and Huffman beating Jack Norman.

Frank Merrick is a better heavyweight fighter than fans have ever given him credit for being. He demonstrated this on August 27 when he gave the rugged Sam Eizman, a Los Angeles policeman, a sound thrashing for ten rounds in the San Bernardino American Legion main event. Frank took every round of the bout with the exception of the sixth and seventh, which were chalked even. For heavyweights, the bout was fast.

In the appointment of Dr. George Douglas to the San Bernardino American Legion Boxing Committee, the Legion has added to its staff a member who is thoroughly acquainted with all angles of the sport. The boxing committee now represents a body that should function to the greatest advantage for the American Legion, assuring local fight fans high class cards in the future.

Johnny Reno and Sailor Masterino wrestled through an unresting ten-round main event at the American Legion Club, September 3; and after a showdown the decision was given to Reno.

Several San Bernardino fighters will appear at the Wilmington A. C. at an early date, according to present indications. The Wilmington Club officials are in the field and were up here recently. Gil Davis is wanted for a match with Young Terry. Red Murphy or Al Brown is wanted for an early appearance againset Battling Ward. Frank Merrick when he recovers from an infection of the hand, is also lined up for a bout at the Harbor Club to meet Ralph Smith—a real test for Frank. Johnny Adams, too, will probably get a shot at this club.

Since the inception of the new boxing law, the fight profession in California has developed into a million dollar industry. Figures released by the State Athletic Commission show that during the last seven months the supporters of the manly art have contributed $992,039.35 toward gate receipts. Walter A. Yarwood, Secretary of the Commission, estimates that about 60 per cent of this amount was paid to fighters. The State's 5 per cent tax on the gate receipts amounted to $42,297.85. Since January 1, a total of 929,081 persons paid money to witness boxing exhibitions.

This shows beyond a doubt that the fight fans of California are willing to support clean, well-regulated boxing exhibitions. During the summer months there was a decided decrease in the attendance at the fights, but with the cool weather the attendance will increase and before the end of the year the game will have seen $2,000,000 change hands.

Referees are causing the State Athletic Commission lots of grief. Wanted—Some competent referees! That is the sign the commission is planning to hang out. During recent months referees have been coming and going at a rapid clip and they all have found themselves in hot water at one time or another. Ben McFarland, who calls them at the San Bernardino American Legion A. C. here is getting into the clover at the Los Angeles clubs. No telling when Ben may become the target for abuse from the public and the fight critics, but up to this time Ben has been putting over his stuff in a satisfactory manner.

McFarland has been getting away with some clean decisions and some close ones with a lot less noise than is raised over some of his verdicts here.

Harry Gee, veteran referee, was recently ousted at Vernon for calling a fight a draw, which, in the opinion of the fans and fight critics, was very one-sided.

George Blake, the lead horse of them all on the Pacific Coast, gave up judging boxing matches to manage a couple of fighters.

Larry McGrath is another one who gave up calling them.

Although the integrity of the officials has not been questioned, much dissatisfaction over their verdicts has been expressed. Some fight critics blame the situation on the recent passage of the ten-round law, claiming that the referees of the old four-round days are unable to keep accurate account of the boxers over the longer route. This may or may not be the right answer to the question. At that, there has been no more adverse demonstrations than when judges were calling them in the four-round days.

IN GEORGIA

Harry Wilson, well-known Army lightweight, who has done some fast stepping in his time and has officiated in many ring encounters, is getting an honorable discharge from the military service at Fort Benning, Ga. He is leaving for Miami, Florida, where he will enter the fight promotion game. Kid Paccioni, a Benning scrapper who packs a hefty wallop, will get out of khaki in November and fight under Wilson's management. Veteran of eight-one scraps and former welterweight champ of the Fourth Army Corps Area, Paccioni gaves promise of making his way in the ring game.

"Kid" Paccioni, Private First Class in the Military Police Company at the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., is a coming clever welterweight who has learned the pugilistic game in the Army. Three years ago when he left his home at 9 Hall Street, Boston, Mass., to enter the military service, he took up the gloves and has carried them successfully in 81 fights since that time. On Labor Day he put up a snappy exhibition in a feature fight against the hard-hitting Spud Murphy of Girard, Alabama, getting a draw before the entire population of fistic fans of Columbus, Ga. His Army enlistment expires in mid-November, when he starts on a barnstorming tour under the management of a Miami promoter.

IN MICHIGAN

By BEN POLLINGER

Six sport writers were present at the signing of the contract for the Wells-Dempsey bout next September in Michigan City. Among the scribes who attended the informal affair were Sam Hall and Ed Smith, the latter with the Chicago American, and well known in boxing circles.

Niles, Michigan, is a town of 16,000 inhabitants and has a railroad station which is used once in a while. The people in this little town were all het up when they found out that the world's greatest drama for them since the great war was taking place in their little village.

Dempsey was present with a loud striped suit that could be seen from a distance. It was a good thing his wife didn't see the new garment or she would have made him take it off. As Cohen would say, "It is a nice piece of goods"—or a blue suit under a purple light.

After the affair was over Dempsey immediately left for Cleveland where he was scheduled to box an exhibition bout.

Floyd Fitzsimmons, matchmaker, is already making plans for next year's affair by giving orders to enlarge his arena at Michigan City where the titular go will be held. His arena now seats 40,000 persons but he expects to seat 100,000 when the fight is pulled off.

SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON CEE

San Antonio, Texas, and the Army Posts surrounding the Alamo City are getting into the big league. The promoters of that vicinity have shown their fans no less personages than Jack Dempsey, Young Stribling and Jackie Clark within the past month.

Lt. H. P. Killpack, Athletic Officer of Fort Sam Houston, the big army post outside of San Antonio, Texas, brought Young Stribling to the attention of the Central Texas fans. Stribling knocked out Jack League of the Army Camp in four rounds during the latter part of August.

Stribling after knocking out League, journied to Dallas, Texas, where he stopped Peck Warren of Dallas, in six rounds. Then the party, Pa, Ma and W. L. and Young Stribling went to Macon, Ga., to stick their several pairs of feet under the home table again.

Jack Shelton the San Antonio promoter, gave his fans a treat when he brought in Jackie Clark, A. E. F. middleweight champion, to oppose Chuck Burns the San Antonio "Iron Man" middleweight. Burns gave Clark an unmerciful beating for eleven rounds, when the referee stopped the mill.

Jack Dempsey was a visitor in San Antonio on September 24th at the expense of Promoter Jack Shelton, who gave the heavyweight champion a guarantee of $5,000 and four round trip transportations from Los Angeles, California, to box a four-round exhibition with one of his sparring partners and two rounds against Big Meeks, a San Antonio 216-pound policeman, who used to box with Dempsey in the movies in Hollywood, California.

Chuck Burns, the tough, hard socking young middleweight of San Antonio, boxed the eight-round special event on the Jack Dempsey card in the Alamo City on September 24. Burns spent the eight rounds punching his opponent, Pat Dalton, all over the ring.

"Leo" Palmer, the little Mexican "fighting student," brought out of Mexico by Don Curley, has proven a sensation. He won every bout he has started in since coming under the Curley banner. On September 7 "Leo" whipped Mickey Cromwell decisively in twelve rounds at Kelly Field, Texas. The San Antonio and Ft. Sam Houston promoters fell for Leo's style of fighting as he was immediately signed up for two bouts, one by Lieut. H. P. Killpack of Ft. Sam Houston and one by Jack Shelton of San Antonio.

Johnny McCoy, Cleveland bantamweight, lost the decision in a twelve-round bout to Young Ross of Syracuse, New York, at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, on August 13. McCoy seemed to be off form a bit, as he missed repeatedly and could not get started properly against the fast moving Ross.

Johnny Merino, the super tough, junior lightweight champion of the 8th corps Area beat the equally tough Rabbit Palmer in the eight-round special event preliminary to Ross and McCoy.

Leo Palmer, the little Mexican student bantamweight fighter, administered a neat whipping to Johnny Merino, the Southwestern army department junior lightweight champion. Little "Leo" displayed a variety of punches that tickled the fans. After the last bell sounded Johnny was the happiest man in Texas, as Leo had been swarming all over him like a nest of bees and the little Mexican's stinging jabs, hooks and crosses had found their mark so often, that Johnnie's face and body looked as though he had embraced the California limited going sixty miles an hour.

This contest was the eight-round double windup to the Pancho-McCoy bout.

Johnny McCoy redeemed himself somewhat in the eyes of San Antonio fans by taking a twelve-round decision over Kid Pancho.

Tommy White, now of Houston, Texas, took another flyer into Mexico and on August 8 and 15 he twice beat Fast Black, the Indianapolis negro welterweight. After that trip White went home to Houston to rest up a couple of weeks.

Chuck Burns of San Antonio made a mark for himself on September 15 by soundly trouncing Jackie Clark, A. E. F. middleweight champion at Beethovan Hall in San Antonio. The bout was stopped in eleven rounds.

Leo Palmer stepped to the front again in the eight-round special event on the Burns-Clark card when he again upset the dope by pouring it on Rabbit Palmer, the little blond featherweight of San Antonio and all points south.

Johnny Simpson, the tough Oklahoma lightweight beat Mercedes Montez in a fast eight-round bout in San Antonio on September 15, just a week after he had journied to Lockhart, Texas—a new oil field—and fought a draw against Rabbit Palmer.

The Indian-Irish combination in Tommy White showed up plenty when he massacred Joe Matranga at Baton Rouge, Louisiana on September 10. As the press boys of the Pelican State Capital City so aptly wrote up the story—Tommy White of the Texas Plains, half Cherokee, half Irish, beat Joe Matranga at the Capitol A. C. until White's own savage nature revolted at the deluge of blood—part of it his own.

Jimmy (Blackie) Killshaw, one of the Baton Rouge star fire fighters, is now stepping out in the role of a boxer-manager. To date he has not suffered any losses for his boys.

K. C. Banfield, the big congenial promoter and matchmaker of the Capitol A. C. of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has been showing his customers some banner attractions in the fistic line during the absence of his partner, Mike Acosta, who is now in the East.

The city firemen had to turn away some of the host of fans who tried to crowd in to see the Kid Pancho-Amos Kid Carlin fracas on September 24.

Kid Pancho, ran into tough luck when he met Kid Carlin at Baton Rouge Sept. 24 as Carlin stopped the little fellow in the third round. The little Jeanerette "Stick of Dynamite" Carlin, was at his strongest in this bout and came in at 117 pounds, while the weight of Pancho was announced as 111½.

Amos Kid Carlin, fought a fifteen round draw against Bobby Hughs at Apelousas, Louisiana, on Sept. 27, then returned to New Orleans to prepare for a busy winter season. He is under the able management of Paul Lacroix.

Dutch Meinert, of Dallas, Texas, is showing to packed houses every week and using mostly local talent. With a larger arena and using more outside boys, Dutch should be able to triple his patronage.

Don Wofford, of Wichita Falls, impresario, is using Oklahoma, Mexico and South Texas boys every week and drawing capacity houses. He is angling for the services again of Tommy White, the welter champ of Texas and Mexico.

Tommy White beat Harry Dago Ryan in the opening fight show at Houston, Texas, on September 25.

The rainy season is about over in Mexico City now and Baldemero Romero, who promotes in the bull ring, is looking around for future matches.

Manuel Rodriguez Ayon of Tampico, Mexico, is again in charge of the arena Isabel and looking for good boxers of all weights through his North American representative Don Curley, of San Antonio, Texas.

Monterey, Torreon, Piedras Negre and Jaurez, Mexico, are also opening to boxing for a new season and are expecting a prosperous year. Good boxers with a reputation and the inclination to fight can get a series of contests in the Southern Republic, but they must fight!

NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

At the opening show of the indoor season at the Harrisburg Boxing Club, Pedro Campo, sensational Filipino, was given the judge's decision over Battling Willard of Lancaster in the ten-round wind-up.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Ralph Repman of York Pa., and Jackie West of Philadelphia fought to a standstill. Repman's great rallies in the seventh and eighth rounds earned him an even break.

Two little flyweights Indian Russell of Harrisburg and Davey Frey of York, showed in the main preliminary. Frey was given the judge's verdict after six rounds of hard fighting.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster bantamweight, was held to a draw by "Wee Willie" Spencer of New York in the eight-round wind-up at the Arcade A. C., Lancaster.

Harry "Kid" Ross of Lancaster won the decision over Joe Guigan of Philadelphia in the semi-final of eight rounds.

In one of the best fights of the evening Jimmy Bugler, lightweight of Lebanon, had to quit in the third round in his fight with Jackie Jacomis of Lancaster, because of a broken hand. Bugler had his man all dressed for a knockout when the accident occurred, flooring Jacomis once in the first and twice in the second rounds.

"Ivy Jack" Eshelman, Harrisburg southpaw slugger, was knocked out by Tommy West of Trenton in the latter's home town. Ivy took the count in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round fuss, a right to the jaw erasing him from the picture.

Bobby Heath, a rugged youngster of Lebanon dropped the decision to Dick Marine, middleweight of Lancaster, in the latter's home town last month.

Reading promoters held their first indoor show of the 1925-26 season on September 22 and had Len Brenner, sensational bantamweight of Lancaster, meeting Bobby Wolgast, the Atlantic City firecracker, in the windup. Wolgast received the judge's decision after eight fast rounds. Wolgast kept his left jab working continually and had Brenner bleeding from the mouth at the end of the fight. This was their second meeting within two weeks, Brenner getting the decision over Wolgast in an eight-round fight at Philadelphia on September 8.

Joe Nelson of Philadelphia was returned the winner over Elino Samar, the Filipino, in the semi-final, After five rounds of battling the referee stopped the fight, seeing Samar had no chance with Nelson.

Ray Gibbons of Reading received the decision over Sailor Roberts of Philadelphia in another eight-round bout.

Jack Firpo of Philadelphia beat Red Delp of Reading in the best fight of the evening.

Bobby Burke flyweight scrapper of Reading, won the decision over Johnny Brennan of Philadelphia in an eight-round fuss at Trenton. Burke had Brennan holding on in the last two rounds by sending hard lefts and rights to the stomach.

Battling Willard, Lancaster lightweight, lost the decision to Ray Mitchell of Philadelphia after eight rounds of fast milling at Atlantic City.

Herman Arnold, the fighting baker of Reading, lost to George Gemas of Philadelphia in the fourth round of their fight in the latter's home town.

Indian Russell, flyweight of Harrisburg, lost the decision to Johnny (Kid) Lewis of Philadelphia in a six-round go at Philadelphia, September 17.

Johnny Gill, veteran welterweight of York, is matched to meet Frankie Schoell of New York some time next month in the latter's home town.

Jack Hanlon, middleweight of Lancaster, is fast coming to the front. He always gives the fans a run for their money. He battles from bell to bell.

Lew Angelo of Reading is training hard and expects to stage a comeback in the near future. Lew is a featherweight.

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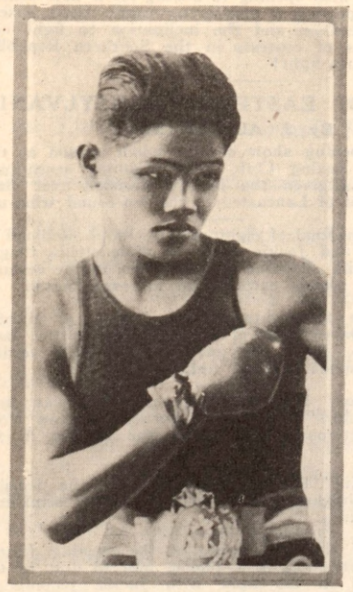
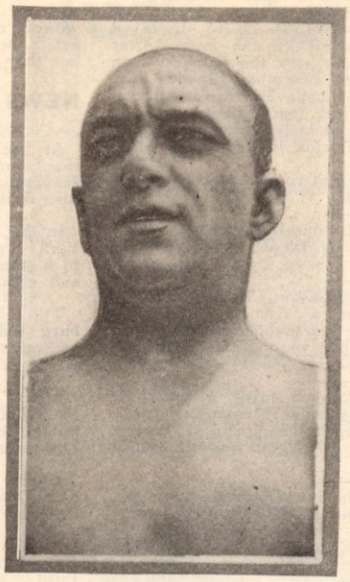
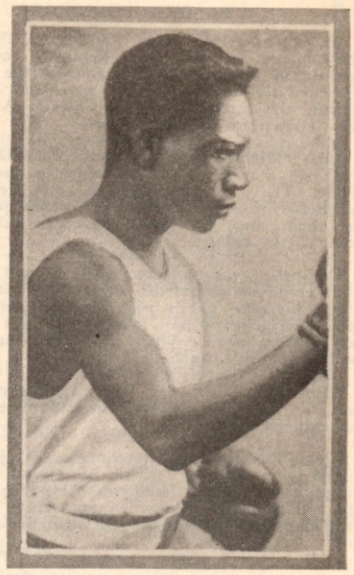


Sencio Moldez, flyweight champion of Orient, now in U. S.

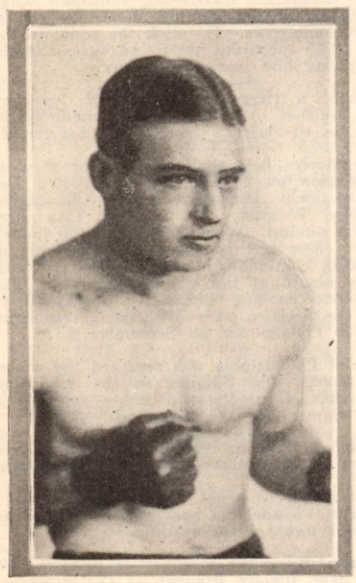


William Bloxham, Newark's latest middleweight.

Jack Heineman, a middleweight from Milwaukee.

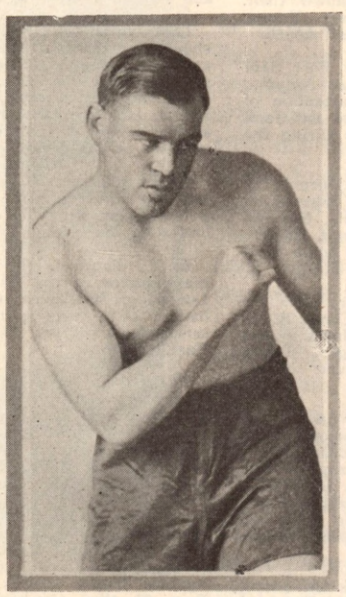


Battling Kid Brown, a Baltimore featherweight.

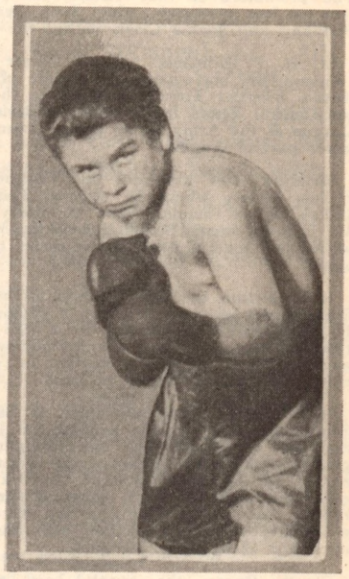


Nick Sailor Nichols, lightweight of Camden, N. J.

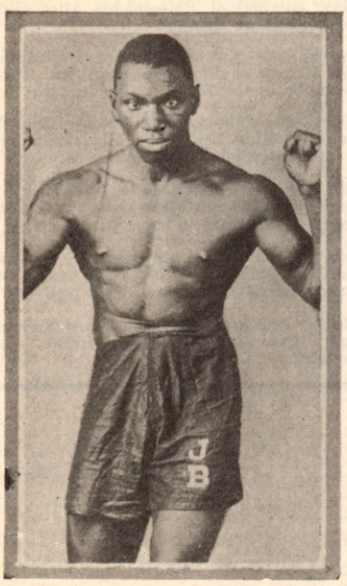
Joe Lucas of Detroit, bantamweight contender.



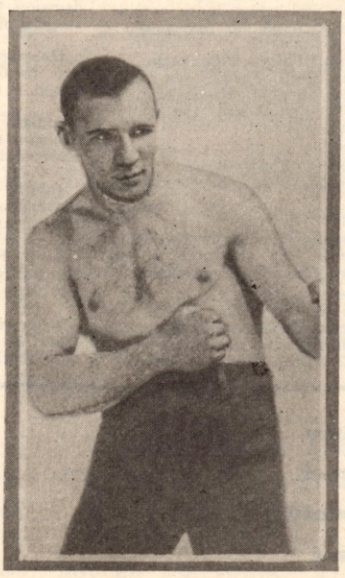
Bud Gorman, Irish-American heavyweight.



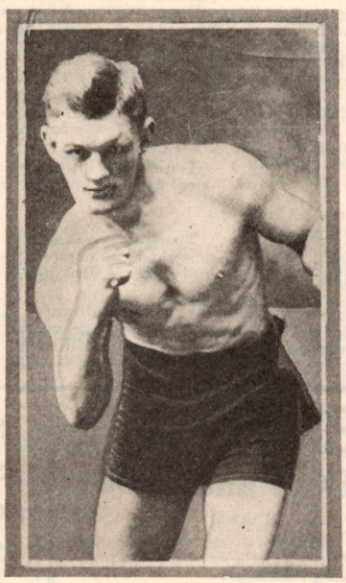
Young Kid Firpo, a New Jersey Flyweight.



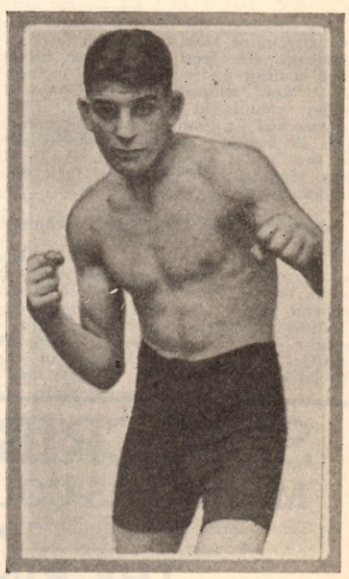
James Battles, a light heavyweight of Knoxville, Tenn.



George Gibbons, Montreal welter-weight contender.



Chris Newton, junior lightweight sensation from Canada.



Frank Polo, an amateur sensation from New Haven.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Billy Duggan made short work of Jack Davis in their recent meeting in St. Petersburg, Fla. Duggan scored a two round knockout over his opponent, this makes four fights for Billy Lotz's gigantic heavyweight and the same amount of knockouts.

Lew Silver, Atlanta's dental student was awarded the decision over Frankie Rice of Baltimore on a foul in the ninth round of a ten round bout. Both boys claimed a foul.

In the ninth round during a mixup, Silver was hit low and on the doctor's advice, the officials awarded the bout to Lew. Max Abelson, manager of Silver was compelled to cancel two bouts on account of the injuries sustained by Silver. An effort is to be made by Tampa, Fla., promoters to rematch these two boys at an early date. Up to the ending of the fight Silver was leading Rice by a small margin.

Baxter Roper, Columbus, Ga., welterweight defeated Mike Lofley of Tampa, Fla., in ten rounds in St. Petersburg.

Tommy Fawlkes of Memphis, Tenn., was awarded a kayo over Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga., southpaw. Antley's eye was cut so badly in the sixth round that he was unable to continue, compelling Antley to retire for the evening. The bout was held in Montgomery, Ala.

Lukie Tenner and Eddie Bowen of Washington, D. C., boxed ten rounds to a draw in Savannah, Ga. On the same card, Benny Regan, Atlanta bantam and Frankie Ribia, little Filipino of Ed Alexander's stable, boxed a ten round draw. These fights staged by the American Legion were well attended.

Pinkie May of Savannah, Ga., was awarded a decision on a foul over Benny Regan of Atlanta.

Judge Horning, another battler to sail under the colors of Ed Alexander of Savannah, is getting in shape for future matches. Horning is at present in Tampa, Fla.

There is a possibility of the game reopening here in Atlanta this coming season. "Stormy" Mott, who is conducting a gymnasium, is the one who is thinking seriously of starting something. It is a pity that with so many local battlers, and quite a few nearby good fighters, that the boxing game should be at a standstill in Atlanta.

According to reports here from Florida, they are drawing big gates at their fights in Miami, West Palm Beach, St. Petersburg and Tampa.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES

By NOBLE KID CHISMAN

Jimmie Sayers, flyweight of Lafayette, Ind., easily defeated Lou Denny of Aurora, Ill., in a six round semi-windup at Aurora, Ill., September 1st.

Don Boyer, Toledo, won the point decision over Ray Hahn, Indianapolis lightweight in a ten round bout at Toledo, Ohio, September 2nd.

Johnny Melton, Indianapolis featherweight boxer scored a technical k. o. over Long Jim Langford in the fourth round of a bout staged near Marion, Ind., September 7th.

Happy Atherton, Indiana flyweight champion, boxed twelve rounds to a draw with Harry Forbest of Columbus at Columbus, Ohio, September 8th.

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis mauler, gave away thirteen pounds to John Risko, Cleveland heavyweight at the Ft. Harrison arena, September 9, and threw so many gloves at John that the scrap terminated suddenly in the fifth round when Risko dropped to the floor, claiming a foul. He refused to continue, although the post doctor said he was not badly hurt.

Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight champion wrestler defeated Soldier Mack of Louisville, Ky., in straight falls, the first in twenty-five minutes and the second in ten minutes at the Broadway Theatre, September 10th.

Sidney Glic, Indianapolis lightweight, won a k. o. over Charley Miller of Buffalo, N. Y., in the third round of a scheduled twelve round bout at Louisville, Ky., September fourteenth. Mike Mitchell, Glick's manager is negotiating for a bout with Charley O'Connell of Cleveland for Sidney at Indianapolis.

In the outdoor season's windup show at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, September 15, the fistic fans who braved the cold, witnessed a thriller between Soldier Buck of Louisville and Joe Packo, Toledo middleweight. Buck gained the referee's verdict after ten rounds of terrific milling. Ace Riddle, Clinton, Ind., lightweight stopped Lester Martin of St. Louis in the seventh round of an eight round semi-final. It was a hot scrap while it lasted.

Chas. Shine, Indianapolis welterweight was awarded the decision over Jack Lawler of Cincinnati, Ohio, in six rounds. Copper Pence, Cincinnati bantamweight was awarded a point decision over Joe Scully of Chicago in six rounds. Soldier Mack, Ft. Harrison welterweight stopped Frankie Paolo of Cincinnati in the fourth round.

Steve Harter, popular Indianapolis promoter is back and ready to start putting over some good cards for the indoor season. Steve is going to try and dish out a good menu for the hungry fans by trying to get Chuck Wiggins and Young Stribling in the ring together for his Christmas card and Roy Wallace, Brightwood middleweight and Pinkey Crosby of Franklin, Ind., for New Year's.

Abe Kabakoff, ex-southern featherweight champion has followed the swallow. He has migrated to Florida with several of our Indiana boys. Jackie Coble, Bud Taylor's protege and Jack Dillon, former Hoosier Bearcat and Jimmy Watts. It appears that money is in circulation in the Dixie state.

Joe Dillon, Jr., lightweight who has been out of the game for several months due to injuries is back in the harness again and has appeared to advantage in his last few starts.

Maxie Epstein, popular little newsboy bantam is in the Methodist Hospital with severe injuries which he received in a fight when he was assaulted by a crowd of negroes. The injuries may terminate his ring career. In the squared circle and out, Maxie was always a clean fighter and a gentleman.

Any of his former friends caring to get in touch with Maxie or Solly, may do so at 724 Russell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

MONTREAL NOTES

By MAXIE LEWIS

A little sad music, Professor! Jack Renault is not the heavyweight champion of Canada. According to the rules of the Dominion Boxing Federation, premier fistic body of Canada, only residents of Canada can be champions, and must defend their titles at least every six months. Renault will not lose any prestige on that score. His reputation is already established.

Jack Ward, the local heavyweight, no doubt will have the field clear to himself, unless Jack Reddick, who is only a light-heavyweight would care to tackle him. "Soldier" Jones who is now in England would be the logical opponent for Ward, as Jones lost whatever claim to the title when he was defeated by Renault here a couple of years ago. In the meantime several promoters are angling for a Renault-Ward match. That really would be a fistic plum, locally.

Jack Ward has yet to lose a bout hereabouts. Since making Montreal his home a couple of years ago, Jack has beaten Leo Gates, "Wolf" Larsen (twice) "Young Jack" Johnson and knocked out Billy Prestige, "Smithy" Ruthell, Adolph Rogiers, etc. Ward is under the management of Doctor J. P. Gadbois, who also manages Elzear Rioux, giant lumberjack.

Local fans are promised a Myer Cohen-George Fifield, welterweight championship bout for the near future. Myer Cohen is the lad who formerly boxed under the name of "Kid" Carson of Holyoke. Jack Rogers and Louis Murphy or to be more precise, "Slitkin and Slotkin," importers and exploiters of high class and other fistic material, are touting Myer to the skies. Woe be unto the "firm" if Myer should fail to live up to their praises. Murphy or "Slitkin," the "brains" of the "firm" is advising all his wealthy friends to hock the family jewels, if need be, and bet on Cohen. "Slotkin" the brawn of the "firm" says that "Cohen will cloud up and rain all over Fifield when they meet."

Wonder why Alex Moore, local boxing promoter does not stage the Leo "Kid" Roy-Billie DeFoe and Roy-Eddie Brady bouts as was intimated some time ago. Jimmy Mars, Long Island featherweight is also anxious for a crack at Roy. Mars holds a newspaper decision over Louis "Kid" Kaplan prior to Kaplan winning the title. Any one of these three matches would draw big gates.

Gene Brosseau's stable suffered its first loss, when Gerald Beaudin, the baby of the family, lost a close decision to Sanderelli, a featherweight. Beaudin is only a flyweight, and should stick to his class. Gene's other boys George Chabot and Ted Cossette are constant winners.

Billy Moorehouse, who stages all the shows at the Arena, has already made arrangements for winter quarters. Billy has an option on the Longshoreman's Hall with a seating capacity for several thousand fans. He is lining up some excellent cards for the future.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Jimmy Slattery is taking a long vacation, following his knockout at the hands of Paul Berlenbach. It is doubtful if the Buffalo scrapper will pull on a glove until mid-November, if then. Jimmy is figuring on going up into the Adirondack mountains to condition himself when he does decide to re-enter the ring for his Winter campaign.

"Slats" has been knocked out twice during the open air season, but he is far from being done. The Irish lad will still cut a brilliant figure in fistiana if he is handled right. He is a legitimate middleweight, however, and it is doubtful if he will ever be a very big light-heavyweight.

Tommy Ryan won two rousing victories within a week when he won the unanimous decision over Tommy Galston of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., at Erie on September 18 and five days later Tommy tipped over Joe Clemment of Chicago in three rounds at the London Fair, London, Ont., Canada. Ryan is punching like a trip-hammer and bids fair to uncrown Charley (Phil) Rosenberg if he gets a shot at the latter's title.

Ryan is just about the best legitimate bantamweight in the business. He has lost a couple of fights to featherweights, but when it comes to 118-pounders Tommy can take them all.

Eddie Tranter, matchmaker of the Velodrome A. C. of this city has tried time and again to get Carl Tremaine or Bushy Graham in the ring with Ryan, but at this writing Tranter has been unable to coax either man into a meeting with Ryan.

Jimmie Mack has a good club fighter in Teddy Dean of Ithaca, N. Y., a collegian. He is coming rapidly to the front as a junior welterweight and his recent draw with Willie Lavin of this city was one of the best bouts ever seen here.

Dean always gives satisfaction and is bound to be a big favorite around Rochester, Buffalo and other nearby points.

Jack Oakes, the hard punching colored welterweight, is back in good form, after six weeks' layoff due to a burned hand. The black boy is ready for the best at 147 pounds this season. Oakes has victories over Benny Ross, knockout, 3 rounds; Jack Loney, knockout, 4 rounds; Chief Halftown, knockout, 3 rounds; also referees' decisions over Mike Dempsey of Rochester, and Eddie Welsh of South Bend. Oakes gave Frankie Schoell two hard battles here, which drew big houses.

Many out of town boxers are here seeking fights. Some of them who are making Buffalo their headquarters are Bobby Keene, St. Louis, lightweight; Freddy Thompson, Oswego, N. Y., featherweight; Johnny Kozlowski, Rochester, junior lightweight; Bob Holmes, negro, middleweight; Alex Gibbons, negro, middleweight; Eddie McGovern, Pacific Coast, light-heavyweight; Harry Cook, negro lightweight; Willie Farrell, lightweight, and others.

Rocky Kansas knocked out Billy Pollock of Scranton, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round battle at the Broadway auditorium under V. A. C. auspices on October 1. Kansas landed a hard left hook to Pollack's jaw which sent him to slumberland for some minutes. Up until the k. o. punch Pollock was ahead on points and giving Kansas a hard battle of it.

Lou Palmer, the Columbus globe-trotter, is in town again. Lew has traveled all over the United States and expects to go South to Miami this Winter. Palmer gave Bobby Eber a hard battle at Niagara Falls recently.

Art Weygand, the Buffalo southpaw middleweight, who boxed Jack Malone, Mike McTigue and Battling Siki, all within a period of six weeks, has been laid up for a month due to a minor operation. Weygand is all right again and ready to mix with the best at 160 to 175 pounds.

Weygand hopes to get a crack at Jimmy Slattery this Winter. He thinks he can beat the First Ward lad. Slats may take him up for a New Year's Day match.

Art Wander is still chasing Willie Cunningham, looking for a ten-round match with Willie. Wander is Buffalo's featherweight champion. He won his title from Johnny Sacco via judges' decision. Sacco had previously knocked out Cunningham.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

Honey Boy Finnegan now of Boston, Mass., who received his start in Washington, D. C., promises to go as far as the Washington fans have been boosting him for. In the past month he has defeated both Danny Kramer and Babe Ruth. The Honey Boy sure made quick work of the Baby, knocking him out in the first round. It was the first time Ruth had ever been off his feet. Finnegan has defeated several good boys here.

Terry O'Day appears to be the most busy local fighter these days. During the past month Terry boxed in Richmond, Va, Charlotte, N. C., and Hot Springs, Va.

Harry Kid Groves, young lightweight surprised local fans by holding the veteran Andy Bowen to a draw at the Maryland Athletic Club. This bout was one of the best seen here in many a day. Both boys stood toe to toe and swapped punches much to the delight of the fans.

Frankie Mann, local matchmaker is busy with plans for his new club. Frankie promises to bring some of the best boys in the country here within the near future.

Young Dencio, local flyweight, boxed Black Bill and Little Jeff within three days. On a Saturday night in New York he lost a close decision to Bill while on Monday he boxed Little Jeff a draw in Baltimore. Both bouts going ten rounds.

Jim Holland, Baltimore heavyweight is in training here looking for work. Holland's strongest bid for fame was a few years ago when he fought a bang up fight with Fred Fulton in Phila.

Texas Stovall, local Indian welterweight, is a very promising fighter. Although Texas has only been boxing a little over a year he has defeated some very good boys here.

The Ring's Letter Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

A Reader, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—(1) Are the Twin Sullivans still alive? (2) What are the nationalities of Gene Tunney, Young Stribling, Jack Sharkey, Jim Maloney and Jimmy Goodrich? (3) Do you think that Danny Kramer could defeat Louis (Kid) Kaplan after Kramer was so outclassed in their previous meeting?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Irish-American, American, Italian-American, Irish-American, Irish-American, Irish-American. (3) No.

I. Demsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Eddie Huffman and Eddie (Kid) Wagner? (2) Are there any real contenders in the welterweight division of Hebrew faith?

A.—(1) Irish-Dutch, Hebrew-American. (2) No.

Joe Levaca, New York City.

Q.—I am twenty-one years old and don't smoke or drink. Do you think it is too late for me to start fighting? My friends tell me I'm good.

A.—No.

Solly Goldstein, Newark, N. J.

Q.—(1) Is it true that Red Chapman was killed in the Boston dance hall wreck? (2) When Pancho Villa died the New York State Athletic Commission named Frankie Genaro the new champion. There are other flyweights just as good. Why don't they hold a tournament? (3) If Willie Harmon and Pinkey meet again who do you think will win? (4) Why doesn't Benny Rothwell fight any more?

A.—(1) No. (2) They intend to hold elimination tourney. (3) Mitchell. (4) Don't know.

Young McCarthy, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Babe Ruth, of Philadelphia; Dave Shade, Tod Morgan and King Solomon?

A. — Italian-American, Irish-American, Irish-American, Syrian-Jew.

J. Silvers, Elmhurst, L. I.

Q.—(1) Do you think John L. Sullivan in his prime could have beaten Jack Dempsey? (2) Who do you think is the leading lightweight contender?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Sid Terris.

Rudolph Rubourtet, Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Dave Shade, Alex Hart, Nat Pincus? (2) Is Red Chapman a featherweight?

A.—(1) Irish-American, Irish-American, Hebrew-American. (2) Yes.

Joseph H. Hylan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What has become of Packey O'Gatty?

A.—Retired.

Oscar Pozzobini, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Bill Squires ever champion of Australia? (2) Was Carl Morris ever knocked out? (3) What titles did Abe the Newsboy hold?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Four times. (3) None.

Jack McKenna, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Q.—Who is the most scientific man in the squared circle?

A.—Sid Terris.

An Admirer, New York City.

Q.—(1) Has Dave Shade any chance of stopping Willie Harmon? (2) What has become of the following: Willie Jackson, Shamus O'Brien and Battling Levinsky? (3) Why doesn't Gene Tunney go through with his proposed bout with Tommy Loughran (4) Will Ruby Goldstein beat Johnny Dundee?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Retired. (3) Ask Billy Gibson, Tunney's manager. (4) Yes, six rounds.

Jack Knight, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—What is the address of Dan Hickey, manager of Berlenbach?

A.—Corona, L. I.

Francis Albertanti

Anthony Pelligrini, Framingham, Mass.

Q.—Did Harry Greb ever box Tiger Flowers?

A.—Yes.

Robert W. Ostrander, Ilion, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Which of these bantams are the cleverest, and if they fought who would win—Bushey Graham or Charley (Phil) Rosenberg? (2) Who do you think is the most scientific boxer now in the ring? (3) If Tunney fights Wills who do you think will win?

A.—(1) Graham; fifteen rounds to a decision. I fancy Rosenberg. (2) Sid Terris. (3) Wills.

Erskine McIllwaine, Monroe, N. C.

Q.—(1) Did Joe Ryder ever knock out Sid Terris? (2) Which name is correct, Joey Gill, of Philadelphia, or Johnny Gill, of York, Pa.? (3) Which one of the following do you consider the best—Bob Lawson, Tiger Flowers, Kid Norfolk or Larry Estridge? (4) Did Terry McGovern ever fight Joe Gans, and what was the result? Are they both still living? (5) Has George Chaney got the record of the largest number of knockouts?

A.—(1) Yes, three rounds. (2) Johnny Gill. (3) Flowers. (4) Yes. McGovern stopped him in two rounds at Chicago in 1900. No. (5) Yes.

Eddie Council, Brunswick, Ga.

Q.—(1) Where is Dixie Kid now? (2) Who would win a Tiger Flowers-Harry Greb bout? (3) Can Jimmy Slattery and Jack Delaney make 160 pounds?

A.—(1) In the negro belt at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, New York City. (2) Greb. (3) Yes.

A. Grosswald, Philadelphia.

Q.—(1) Did Lew Tendler ever fight Johnny Dundee? (2) Could Sid Terris whip Joe Dundee?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes.

A Fight Fan, New York City.

Q.—Did the late George Daly ever whip Carl Duane? Was he the only one to beat him? What was the date?

A.—Yes. No. In 1923.

Willis Berry, Dawson, N. B., Canada.

Q.—Who would win between Stribling and Slattery? Which one fought the most this year?

A.—Stribling. Stribling.

Harry Kazanjian, New York City.

Q.—What is Bennie Bernstein's nationality, and how many fights has he won and lost?

A.—Never heard of him.

Oliver W. Wood.

Q.—(1) Has Dempsey any Indian blood? (2) Please classify or rate the following heavies—Dempsey, Wills, Tunney, Stribling, Solomon, Sharkey, Maloney, Cook and Stoessel?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Dempsey, Wills, Tunney, Soloman, Stribling, Maloney, Sharkey, Cook and Stoessel.

Frank R. Young, Ancon, Canal Zone.

Q.—(1) Please give definite address of Jack Kearns. (2) Who would win in a Kramer-Herman and Tunney-Wills bout? (3) Who are the hardest hitters in the heavy, light heavy, middle, welter, light, feather, bantam and flyweight divisions?

A.—(1) Oakland, Cal. (2) Kramer and Wills. (3) Dempsey, Berlenbach, Delaney, Walker, Vicentini, Kramer, Rosenberg, Genaro.

A Ring Fan, Newark, N. J.

Q.—(1) What is the decision if the two judges give one fighter the decision and the referee gives it to the other? (2) Were Jack Bernstein, Sid Terris and Harry Felix ever knocked out? (3) Who is Jack Bernstein's manager and where does he live?

A.—(1) The fighter the judges agreed on is the winner. (2) Only Terris. (3) "Doc" Hirsch, Yonkers, N. Y.

Len Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who are the five best lightweights of today? (2) Is Abe the Newsboy still fighting? (3) When should a boy begin to fight as an amateur?

A.—(1) Terris, Mandell, Goodrich, Seeman, Loayza. (2) No. (3) Seventeen years.

E. E. Shatto, Chicago.

Q.—What are the requirements for European boxers to box in the United States?

When, how and where do they obtain permission?

A.—No requirements. They apply to the Boxing Commissions in whatever state they intend to make their home.

Ed. Hauck, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was the fight between Walker and Greb stopped to save Walker, or did it go the full fifteen rounds?

A.—It went the scheduled fifteen rounds.

Carl Johnson, Jamestown, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who won the fight between Mickey Walker and Billy Wells? (2) Are Jack Delaney and Jack Pry the only two boxers who ever stayed the limit both times with Jimmy Slattery?

A.—(1) They didn't meet. Wells ran out of the match. (2) No.

Thomas West, Elizabeth, N. J.

Q.—What have become of the following boxers—Howard Smith, Tony Bender and Hughey Weir?

A.—Retired.

Harry Parker, New York City

Q.—(1) What is the nationality of Willie Harmon? (2) How many fights has Sammy Bienfeld had? (3) What has become of Larry Williams, Dempsey's sparring partner a few years back?

A.—(1) Hebrew. (2) About thirty. (3) Fights every now and then.

Buck Castle, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What nationalities are Pete Herman and Johnny Buff? What are they doing now?

A.—Italian and Polish, respectively. Herman is conducting a cabaret at New Orleans. Buff failed in a comeback two weeks ago.

Charley Villa, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Fidel La Barba and Luis Vicentini? (2) Has any featherweight ever beaten Johnny Dundee? (3) What was the result of that no-decision fight between Dundee and Kilbane?

A.—(1) Italian and Chilian, respectively. (2) Yes. (3) The only time they clashed was in 1913 at Los Angeles, twenty rounds to a decision. The bout was called a draw.

Jack Friedman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the present Hebrew battlers between the weights of 134 and 140 pounds?

A.—Tendler, Terris, Harmon, Seeman, Bernstein.

A. Grosswald, Philadelphia

Q.—What is the nationality of Fidel La Barba?

A.—Italian.

Frank Carrara, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think Delaney will defeat Berlenbach again?

A.—Yes.

A Reader, New York City

Q.—(1) Do you think that Abe Attell at his best could have beaten Benny Leonard, Tendler, Charlie White, Dundee, Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell, Sid Terris, Kid Kaplan, Richie Mitchell, Joe Welling, Willie Jackson, Jack Bernstein, Joe Bernstein, Young Griffo and Terry McGovern? (2) Who were the men Attell met while champion for the title to a decision? (3) Who would have won at their best between Leonard and Packey McFarland? (4) What are the nationalities of Johnny Drew, Eddie Huffman, Jackie Fields, Georgie Ward, King Soloman and Lew Chester?

A.—(1) He could have whipped the whole bunch with the exception of Griffo and McGovern. (2) Matty Baldwin, Owen Moran, Harry Forbes, Eddie Hanlon, Frankie Neil, Battling Nelson, Freddie Welsh, Ad Wolgast. (3) At 135 pounds it would be a toss-up. Packey could never make that weight. (4) Hebrew, Irish-Dutch, Hebrew, Irish, Syrian-Jew, Hebrew.

THANK YOU

Please excuse me for correcting you on the nationalities of Jem Driscoll and Fred Welsh. Driscoll was born in Wales in 1880, Irish descent. This makes him a Welsh Irishman and not English as stated by you.

Welsh was born in Pontypridd, Wales, only twelve miles from Driscoll's home town of Cardiff, which also makes Frederick Hall Thomas a Welshman. Both are Celts and not Saxons.

The following chapions were all Welshmen:—Tom Thomas, middleweight, England; Johnny Basham, welterweight, England; Welsh, lightweight, world; Driscoll, featherweight, world; Llew Edwards, featherweight, England; Percy Jones, flyweight, Europe; Jimmy Wilde, flyweight, world, all of South Wales; Frank Moody, Wales.

BILLY EVOUD (late of Wales),
518 West 143 Street.

Joe Dellecave, New York City

Q.—What nationality is Fidel La Barba? Do you think Frankie Genaro will beat him if they meet again?

A.—Italian. Yes.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio

Q.—What stock does Fidel La Barba come from? (2) Has Young Marullo ever been knocked out? What is his right name? Did Harry Greb ever fight him? (3) Is Johnny Wilson still fighting? (4) How many times has Rocky Kansas been knocked out and by whom? (5) Did Dundee ever fight Kansas? (6) Where was Babe Ruth born, what stock does he come from, and how old is he?

A.—(1) Italian. (2) Yes. He was flattened by Young Stribling in nine rounds. Antonio Marullo. No. (3) Yes. (4) Twice, Leonard and Vicentini. (5) Yes, six times, three no-decisions, one draw, and one victory apiece. (6) Philadelphia, Italian, about twenty-five.

Joe Griffo, New York City

Q.—What are the nationalities of Berlenbach, Soloman, Dundee, Babe Herman, Terris, Jack Bernstein, Jim Sigman and Dan O'Connell?

A.—German, Syrian-Jew, Italian, Portugese-Italian, Hebrew, Hebrew, American, Irish.

James Onderdonk, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—What is the age and measurements of Jimmy Slattery?

A.—Twenty-one. Height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight, 165; reach, 76; neck, 16; chest normal, 37; chest expanded, 39; waist, 30; biceps, 12½; wrist, 7; thigh, 19½; calf, 14; ankle, 9½.

Bink Hoezle, Bergenfield, N. J.

Q.—What is Mickey Walker's height?

A.—Five feet, six and a half inches.

Busybody, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who is the matchmaker of the Lenox Club on East 107th Street?

A.—Nat Rogers.

Reader, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—Who'll win between Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Babe Herman in return match?

A.—Herman.

J. J. McCloskey, New York City

Q.—Who is the matchmaker of the New Madison Square Garden?

A.—Frank Flournoy.

James J. Foley, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—Kindly give me the measurements of Paul Berlenbach. (2) Who would have won between Benny Leonard and Joe Gans? (3) Did Sid Terris help to train Leonard for the second Tendler fight? (4) What is Lew Hurley's nationality? (5) Who is the secretary of the New York State Athletic Commission? (6) Who is Ted Moore's manager?

A.—Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 175; reach, 72; neck, 16½; chest normal, 36; chest expanded, 38½; waist, 30½; biceps, 12¾; wrist, 7¼; calf, 14½; ankle, 8¾. (2) Gans. (3) Yes. (4) Italian. (5) Bert Stand. (6) George Engle.

Bill Warren, Gas House, N. Y.

Q.—Will Tom Gibbons ever fight again?

A.—He has retired.

James J. Quirk, New York City

Q.—What is Sammy Mandell's nationality and his right name?

A.—Italian. Salvatore Mandello.

Louis Dominski, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Q.—(1) Who was the strongest fighter of all time? (2) Were there ever any noted polish boxers and who are they? (3) Did Dempsey ever exercise his forearm to increase his punch? (4) According to observation, do hard hitters have powerful deltoids, powerful muscles or just the knack of hitting? (5) What is meant by "leverage" in hitting?

A.—(1) Jeffries, white; Jack Johnson and Harry Wills, colored. No means of comparison with early bare knuckle fighters. Hyer and Heenan very powerful. (2) Stanislau Kiesal (Stanley Ketchel) most noted. (3) Exercised his entire arm. (4) Heavy hitters of all classes show little musclar development in arms. Knotted muscles a handicap. No muscle bound boxer can hit freely. Punching with the weight behind the blow is the secret. (5) Landing with full force when opponent is off balance.

Ernest Berry, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) What were the weights of Jimmy Wilde and Pal Moore in their fight in London, 1919? (2) What were the weights of Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa in their fight in New York in 1923? (3) What year was Sam Hurst champion of England?

A.—(1) Wilde, 111; Moore, 118. (2) Wilde, 111, Villa, 110. (3) "Staleybridge Infant" defeated Tom Paddock in 1860. Mace defeated Hurst in 1861.

J. J. Bosc, Centralia, Pa.

Q.—(1) How tall is Dave Shade and how tall is Pinkie Mitchell? (2) How many knockouts had John L. Sullivan? (3) How many knockouts had Bob Fitzsimmons? What was Bob's weight when he won the heavyweight title? (4) In their prime who would win between John L. Sullivan and Fitzsimmons? Between Sullivan and Jeffries?

A.—(1) Five feet, eight inches; five feet, eleven inches. (2) Eleven in ring contests. Setups in four-round theatre affairs not included. (3) Twenty-one in ring contests. 172 pounds. (4) Fitzsimmons. Jeffries.

A Fan, New York City

Q.—(1) What were Joe Walcott's measurements and natural weight? (2) I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 147 pounds. Am I too heavy to box at that weight?

A.—(1) Walcott stood 5 feet 1½ inches, and his normal fighting weight was 142 pounds. Stocky build, with short heavy arms and large body and legs. (2) If you scale 147 after training and are not weakened, go ahead.

Interesting Letters from Our Readers!

One from Jack Munroe

NOT since I returned to Canada after my nerve wracking experiences in the World War, was I so happy as when I received the October number of The Ring and read your most splendid and appreciative article on my career. Your story brought back memories of the ring and still greater memories of the days when, with my comrades in arms, I faced death on the Western Battle Front.

I received your telegram here but was unable to find a photograph of myself in fighting togs, as you requested, hence mailed the other photo, the one you used. This also is a picture of myself in Fighting Togs, but togs of quite a different variety from those I once wore in the roped arena.

The uniform is that of the Famous Princess Pats, the Marching, Fighting Pats, so named because they were always used as shock troops and marched from end to end of the Great Western Battle Front during the World War. We went from place to place where the biggest shocks were required and were expected by us.

I lost all of my photos in my fighting togs of the ring many years ago but I shall soon pay a visit to some of the relatives and perhaps I shall there be able to resurrect one. If so, I shall gladly send it to The Ring to be kept with your collection.

Accept my deepest thanks for your most generous story and your kind interest, and give my regards to dear friend Tad and the rest of the boys.

JACK MUNROE.

Kirkland Lake, Ontario.

* * * * *

Defends Ring Attitude

HAVING just read the September issue of the "Ring," the writing of these few lines was prompted by the letter or allow me to say comment by Mr. James Morris on past and present pugilistics.

I feel it my duty to come to the aid of the Editor of this magazine, for the simple reason that fate decreed I live in the present reign of modern fighters, instead of that of the grand old gladiators who walked into the ring for the glory of fighting and fighting only.

Mr. Morris' comment is made up of some very interesting fine points on the present day "Mediocre Maulers" as he calls them. Mediocre is a fitting title, for when one reads where a few of the outstanding challengers of titles go touring the country meeting the "proverbial set-ups" who are imported to fatten the record and purse of said challengers.

The Boxing Commissions of certain States would do justice to the fight fans who pay to see these challengers and their opponents who are boosted by big press write-ups, by inquiring from the home commission of the record of the said highly rated opponent of the challenger before leading the lamb to the slaughter.

In my opinion the logical thing to uphold all that is good and honest in the boxing game is a National Alliance of Boxing Commissions, instead of one or two commissions playing the role of dictator.

I agree with you that in order to get the proper punch to a magazine story on boxing, one must revert back to the days when the great champions fought with bare knuckles, skin-tight gloves and for the glory of fighting.

Having seen nothing but modern fights it is indeed a pleasure to read when Sullivan and Ryan fought in 1882 and also of the other fighters of days gone by. Thanks to the following writers, Al Spink, Doc Almy, and A. D. Phillips. Let's have more news of the old timers.

I hope to read in your editorial column soon an editorial on the recent defeat of Champion Frankie Genaro by the unknown Fidel LaBarba in California, and the reason of the New York Commission's refusal in recognizing this chap as Champion.

Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid make-up of your magazine. Nothing but the highest of praise could be given your clean-cut and honest editorials.

There is only one place to find news of high value on past and present fights and fighters and that is in THE RING.

CHAS. J. WILLIAMS.

1273 S. Preston St.,
Louisville, Ky.

* * * * *

An All Star Staff

I WOULD like to make a few remarks concerning your excellent magazine.

To me, Jack Kofoed's statistical articles are perhaps the most interesting features in your magazine. Some fans find records dull and stupid, but to my mind they are exactly the opposite. Here's hoping to hear from Jack again soon. Please print some old-timers' records, including those of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Joe Walcott, Joe Choynski, Jimmy Britt, etc.

Ike Dorgan's articles are extremely good, while Tad's breezy column would drag a laugh out of a hearse-driver. Tough luck that Tad is shut up at home, eh?

Jack O'Brien, former Philadelphia dancing master, tells a fine yarn at rare intervals, and I would certainly appreciate a review of his career, written by himself. Is he too bashful?

Al Spink and Tim McGrath are both scribes of unusual ability, while the editorial comment is the best I have ever read. Daniel's article, "Many Retire, But Few Stay Out," was splendid. For that matter, all his stories are. Bill Dooly is a fine scribe, and Jack Skelly's works are of high calibre.

As for the numerous other writers who contribute to The Ring, they are A1, and this is only natural, as they are writing for an A1 magazine. Wishing you a prosperous future, I am,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES P. WHYTE.

Kingston, Ont.

* * * * *

Has Horde of Boosters

ACCEPT my sincere congratulations for bringing forth and maintaining the cleanest, most interesting and fairest boxing magazine ever published.

I have read and studied every boxing magazine or manual published for years, but now, when I want the right dope on the boys, I get a Ring. Other sporting papers I know pay thousands annually for advertising but The Ring has about a million walking billboards like myself always ready to tell the reguar guys the tip where to get the right dope.

The big secret of your tremendous success is that you give the boys just coming up a little space that they need to keep before the public eye. I hope you always continue your present policy for the good of the game.

CLARENCE L. MARSH.

Akron, Ohio.

* * * * *

From a Booster

I AM a great booster for your sport book. Your story in your recent issue about the fight with Bat Nelson and Lowery at Watervliet was great and it cost him about five hundred dollars out of his own pocket. Some day when I get a chance, I will drop in and tell you some funny ones about Charlie Sieger, Young Corbett and Kid McFadden, whom I fought, and a number of others.

My fight with Herrera was a corker. He drank a cup of whiskey after each round at Fresno, Calif. I am still boxing in the evening at the National Turner's in Newark, N. J., with the amateurs, trying to find some good boys for Champ Segal's stable.

During the day I am a keeper here at the penitentiary in Caldwell, N. J., with Irish Malone, the old-time bantam from Newark, N. J.

You may place my signature on that list you are getting up. I was a good second rater about 20 years ago and my brother gave Abe Attell the hardest fight too. I fought Kid McFadden 15 rounds a month after he returned from England after fighting Tim Jordan at the Reliance Club, Oakland, Calif.

GEORGE BAKER.

Caldwell, N. J.

* * * * *

Likes Our Editorials

AFTER reading books about boxing in this country and Europe, I find the "Ring" offers more and better editorials on past and present day boxing than any other magazine ever published.

A. COHN.

Chicago, Ill.

* * * * *

Gives Harry Fisher's Record

IN a recent issue of The Ring, Francis Albertanti answered a query to the effect that he did not know of any fighter of the past by the name of Harry Fisher. I saw Fisher engage in many good battles hence will enlighten Mr. Francis and your readers on this boxer's performances.

Harry Fisher was a Brooklyn, N. Y., boxer and was born in 1871. He was 5 feet 4 inches high and weighed 138 pounds. He began fighting as an amateur in 1894, when he won the Clinton A. C. competition by defeating Tom Murray, Dick Bearens, Otto Raphael, Billy Lind, and Jack Gallagher. Fisher then won the Columbia A. C. competition by defeating Pete McGlone, Dick Bearens, Frank Sweet and Billy Delaney. After this he won the Outing A. C. tourney by defeating Steve Kehoe, Jim McCauley and Jack Gallagher.

He then entered the professional ranks and among those he has defeated were the following boxers: Marion Wilson, 3 rounds; Jimmy Franey, 4 rounds; Frank Sweet, 4 rounds; Tommy Kelly, Hoboken Cyclone, 8 rounds, and Sam Tonkins.

He fought draws with Max Kane, Tom Frazier and Jimmy Handler. One of his few defeats was at the hands of Jimmy Handler in Philadelphia a month ago.

AN OLD TIMER.

* * * * *

Renews Subscription

ENCLOSED you will find check for $1.50, for which please renew my subscription to The Ring for another year. I surely do look forward to The Ring from month to month. Once more, I wish The Ring the best of success and those who have worked so hard to put it where it is.

DR. H. K. GEROW.

Arlington, N. J.

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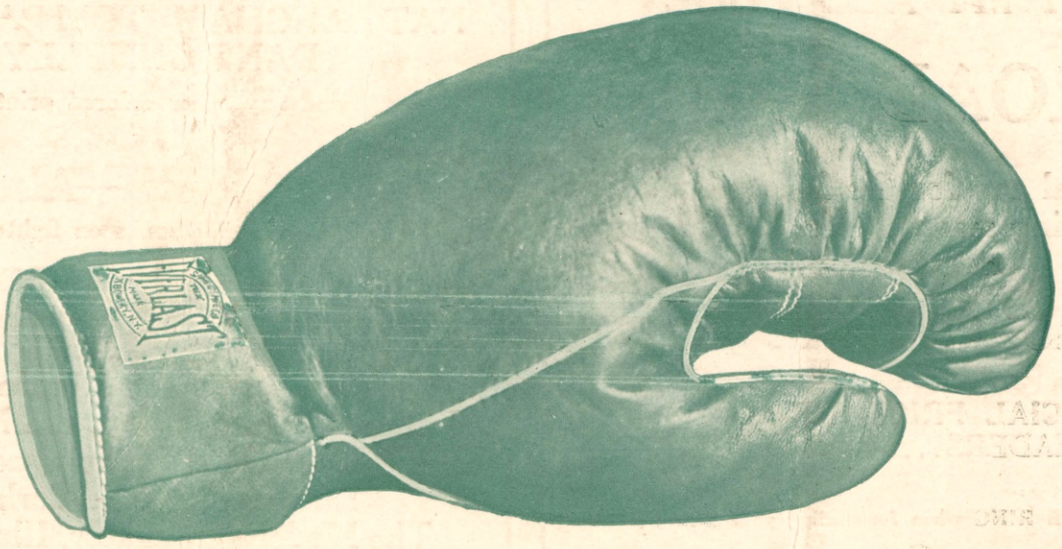

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